



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 07580913 1

RANDOM RHYMES

BY

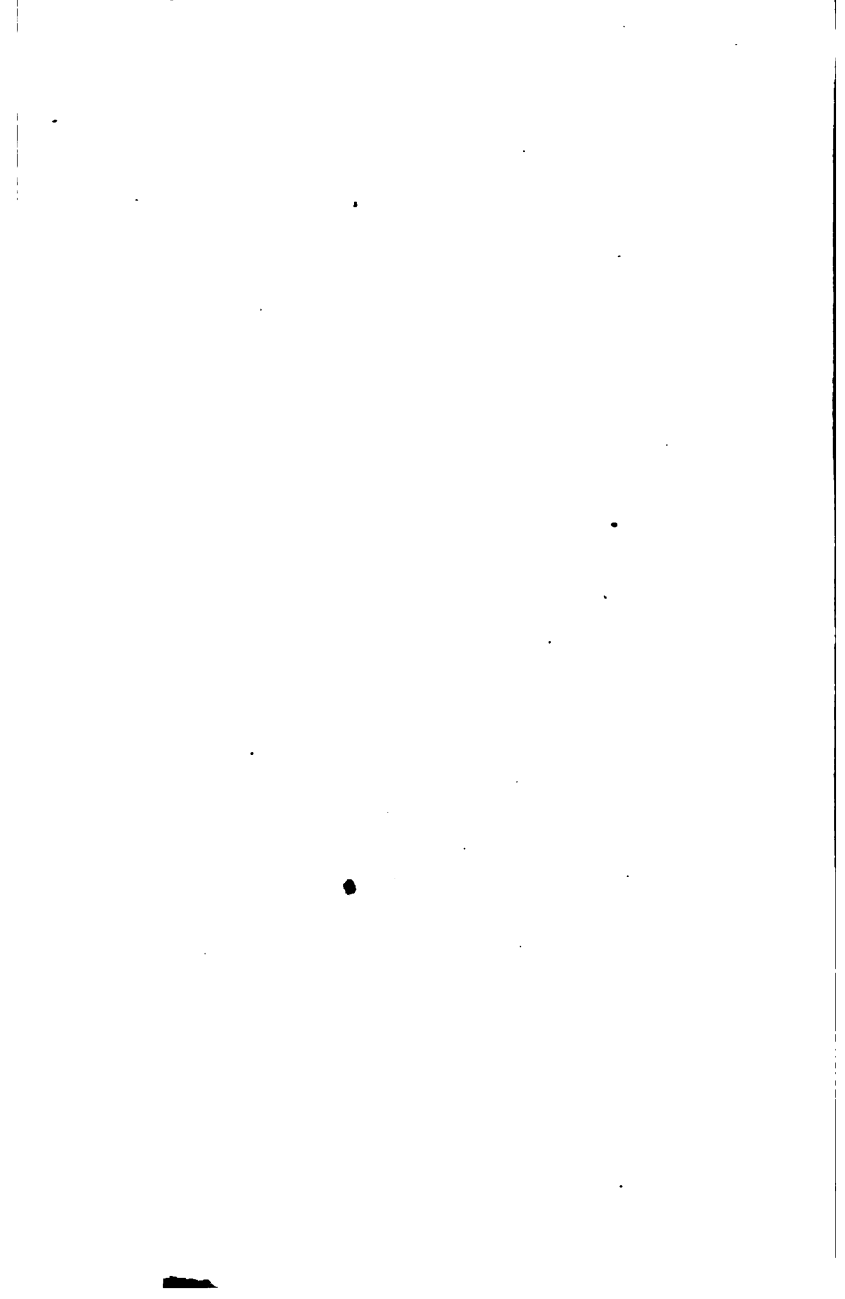
C. G. Mackenzie





1. Poetry, American.

NO. 7



RANDOM RHYMES

— OF —

LEISURE HOURS

SECOND SERIES

By COLIN G. MACKENZIE

TO WHICH IS ADDED

OCCASIONAL VERSES

— BY —

Mrs. C. G. MACKENZIE

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1883

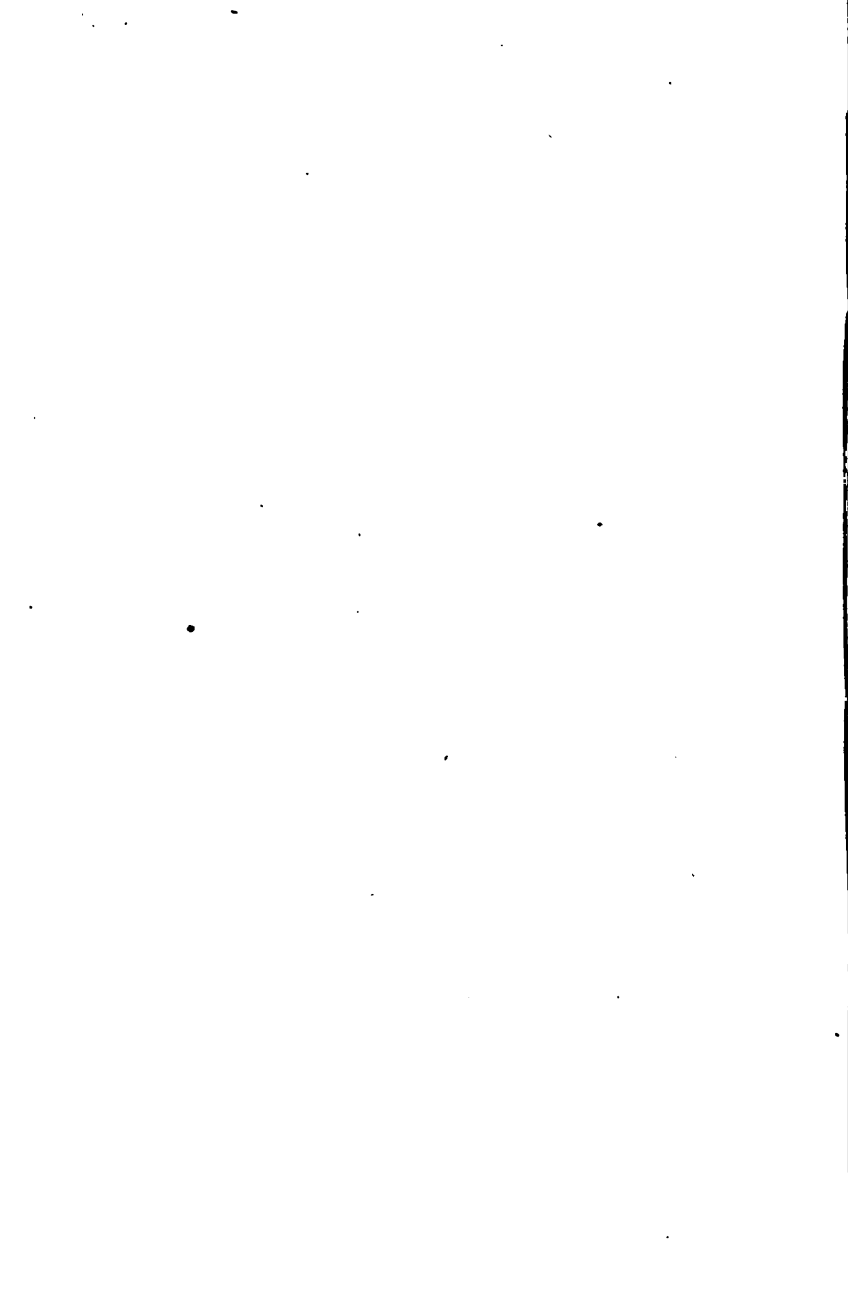
IN THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

989321A

THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE, AND CHILDREN :
A. A. MACKENZIE ; MABEL LOWELL ;
HERBERT C. ; AND CHARLES S. MACKENZIE.
AS A TOKEN,
THAT MY LOVE FOR THEM IS GREATER THAN
FOR ALL THE WORLD BESIDE ;
AND
THAT THEIR LOVE FOR ME,
IS AS
TRUE, HEARTY, AND SINCERE,
FOR THE
HUSBAND, THE FATHER,
AND
THE AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Poets and Poetry of Scotland, for the St. Andrew's Society.	3
To William Boyd, Cambridge, on a "Model Newspaper."	21
The Press, for the Chicago Printer's and Stationer's Board of Trade.	29
Autumn Woods.	37
Death of William Cullen Bryant.	40
The First Flowers of Spring.	44
Birthday Lines.	46
Suburban Musings.	50
America, — A Ballad for 4th of July.	53
Dedication of the Soldier's Monument Cambridge. ,	65
Grand Army Song, W. H. Smart, Post, Cambridge.	70
The New Year.	71
My Neighbour T. D. S.	74
John Hocking.	75
To the Laverock.	77
Birthday Poem.	82
A Day by Lake Michigan.	85
Santa Claus, to Mabel, Bert, Charlie, Wilmette, Christmas, 1880	88

A Christmas Party to H. D.	90
Lines Written in a Volume of Poems.	93
Letter to W. Boyd, Cambridge.	94
The Old Man.	100
Spring, Cambridge, May 1, 1872.	102
Brother Bill's, Birthday Party.	103
In Memorium.	105
Dreaming.	107
Garfield.	109
My Native Town Revisited	117
Recollections of my Native Town.	120
Impromptu Verses.	125
Mabel, Bert, and Charlie, Xmas 1881.	128
A Fairy Story, to Mabel, Bert, and Charlie.	131
A Christmas Song.	147
Free Thoughts.	148
A Rhyming Letter to A. M.	154
Spring, 1882.	159
A Prize Poem.	162
At Beachmont.	171
Musings at Beachmont.	173
On Leaving Wilmette.	175
Song, Ocean Spray.	176
Lines.	177
Song for a Scotch Festival.	179
Written for a Harvest Home Festival.	181
For the New England Franklin Club.	189
To John K. Hall.	196

To William Wright, Cambridge, Mass.	199
Masonic Song, for Installation.	202
Wrong Fonts.	204
For Installation of Officers, Mt. Olivet	
Lodge Cambridge, 1870.	206
Masonic Song, Entered Apprentice.	210
Masonic Song, Fellow Craft.	211
For Installation of Officers, Mt. Olivet	
Lodge, Cambridge, 1871	213
Masonic Song, for Faith Lodge,	217
Masonic Song, Five Points of Fellowship.	218
Royal Arch Song.	220
Royal Arch Song.	221
For Installation of Officers, Mt. Olivet	
Lodge, Cambridge, 1872	222
Royal Arch Song.	227
John W. Hill.	228
Retrospection on Return to New York.	235
Robert G. Ingersoll.	253
Money.	258



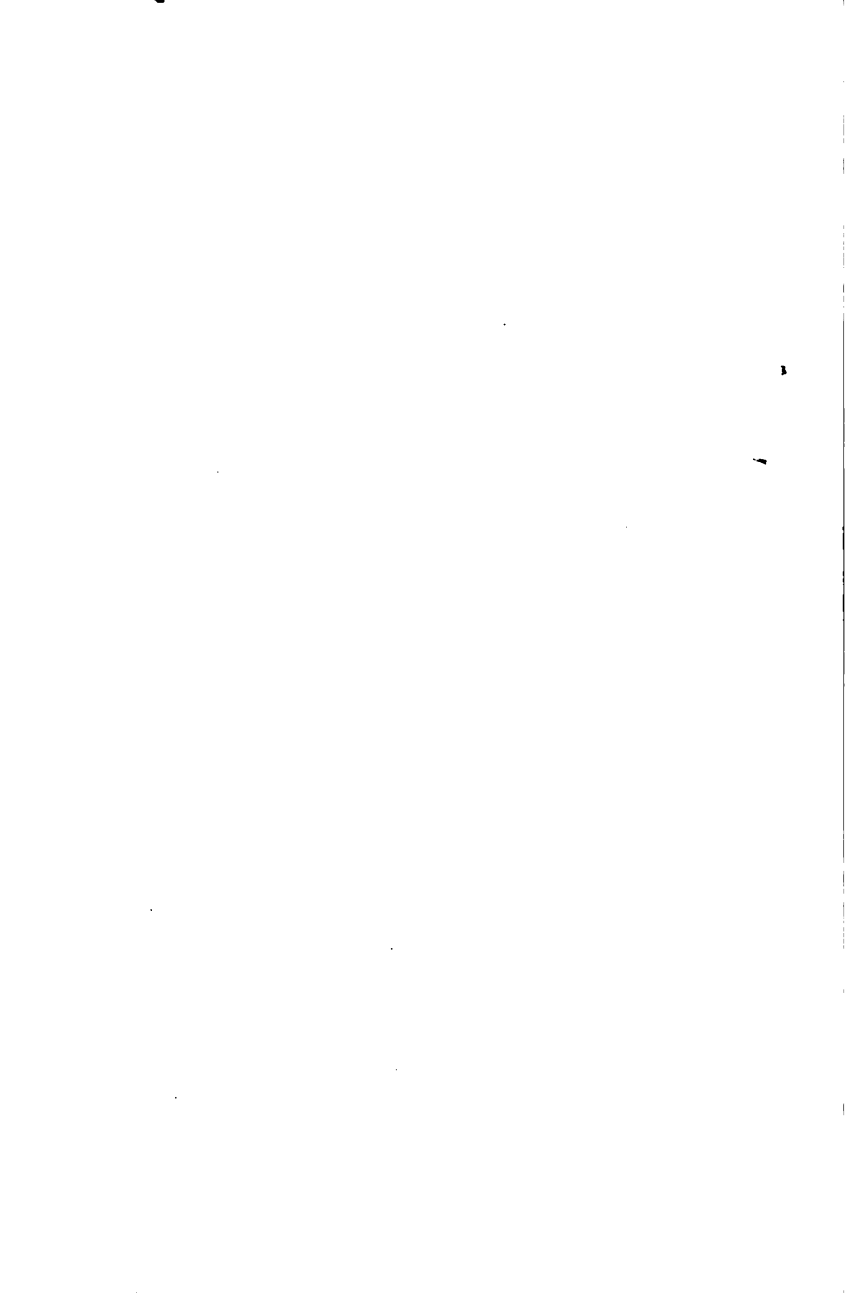
LINES

**READ IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST,
"POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND,"**

**AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE
ILLINOIS ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY,**

**HELD AT
THE TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO,**

Nov. 30TH, 1880,



THE POETS AND POETRY
OF SCOTLAND.

OLD SCOTIA's songs — prolific theme,
Extending o'er a thousand years,
Since OSSIAN sang of vale and stream,
And mountains bathed in misty tears, —

And gallant deeds of Highlandmen,
The heirs of freedom — sons of kings,
Whose history hallows every glen,
Of which ilk bard delighted sings.

Land where the loud Atlantic raves
Its thunder through each highland glen,
And where the broom and heather waves, —
This is the home of Scottishmen !

As wild Kintyre, whose rugged rocks
Dash back in mist the foaming spray,
As bleak Ben Nevis stands the shocks,
Of storms upon his summit gray !

So WALLACE, with his trusty band,
 At Sterling Bridge held foes at bay,
 And, like LEONIDAS the grand,
 He made a Scotch Thermopylæ.

Where hearts are brave fear never dwells,
 Vigour does still in Scotland ring,
 And every year her story tells, —
 A thousand bards her glory sing.

Worth is the keystone of the arch,
 From which our sons their glory take,
 Makes poets sing and heroes march.
 "For dear auld mither Scotland's sake."

Dear mother of the nameless bards,
 Whose shadowy forms my muse recalls;
 Thy sons, mind-mighty win rewards,
 In art, and arms, and senate-halls.

When war's wild blast our lands awake,
 A thousand stirring scenes return
 Of those who fought for freedom's sake,
 From Waterloo to Bannockburn.

A nation venerates their grave,
 The poet's songs their story tell;
 How valliant BRUCE his land did save,
 And how the noble WALLACE fell.

The muses from tradition's tongue,
 First gave our land her minstrelsy,
 And all her deeds of valor sung,
 By mountain, loch, and flowery lea.

Now, change the present to the past,
 The bonnie broom "O' Cowden Knows,"
 Has youthful glamour o'er it cast,
 By well-remembered holms and hows.

Auld Scotia's songs ! who does not love
 Thy native wood-notes wild and clear ?
 That charm alike the hall and grove,
 The saint, the sage, the youth, the seer.

Of Scottish song, the higher range
 Can rouse your passions fierce and wild;
 With lower note the mood can change
 To tenderest feelings of a child.

As half asleep I dreaming lay,
 I thought I-trod old Scotia's shore,
 And roamed o'er many a bank and brae,
 By foaming linns whose waters roar.

And as my eyes around were cast
 O'er hill and vale and gowan'd lea,
 A vision grand before me passed
 The bards of Scotland's minstrelsy.

With noiseless steps they onward pass,
 Those genius-gifted, good and brave.
 Eternal silence reigned : Alas !
 We cannot probe their silent grave.

In this procession moved along
 The ancestral ranks of noble bards,
 With women famed in love and song,
 Men brave alike in war and words.

Beholding all this stately race,
 Lit with a radiance great and grand,
 The centuries dim not, nor efface
 Their glory nor their native land.

First OSSIAN, and his harp of gold,
 With Onna's daughter by his side,
 Who sang the songs the poet told
 Of FINGAL'S deeds on land and tide.

JAMES onward passed, the poet king ;
 The Lady JANE was with him there,
 And sweet the songs I heard them sing,
 From that old tome, the good " King's
 Quhair. "

And now a band, dim, indistinct,
 Whose names live on no graven stone ;
 But yet their art in music link
 Those distant ages to our own.

Then came the Marquis of MONTROSE ;
 Love gave his lyre undying tone ;—
 There Lady GRIZZEL BAILIE goes
 With her “ Orpheus of Caledon.”

No more the gentle CRAWFORD sighs
 With love, or passion, or despair ;
 He ’s won the lass with bonnie eyes, —
 He wooed “neath bush aboon Traquair.”

Sir ELLIOT of “ Amynta ” sang,
 And BLACKLOCK, “ Lady Margaret ” fair;
 From Mrs. HUNTER forth there rang,
 “ My mother bids me bind my hair.”

MACNEIL, the gallant shepherd-lad,
 By “ Castle Cary ” wandering strayed ;
 He met his “ wee thing ” wae and sad,
 And wrapped her in his highland plaid.

Of Flodden field Miss ELLIOT sang —
 That day “ o’ dule the heart did harrow ;”
 And LOGAN’S harp its wild note rang
 “ For lad and lass drown’d in the Yarrow.”

Methinks I see a statelier form,
 In shepherd plaid and hooden-grey ;
 His haffits looking thin and worn,
 But ALLAN’S heart was blithe and gay.

The misty forms surround me now,
 Of Patties and of Peggies gay, —
 The lovers twain from “ Habbie’s How,”
 And “ Betsie Bell ” and “ Mary Grey.”

With “ Collier’s bonnie lass and Will,”
 On banks o’ Clyde ne’er dwelt their
 marrow,
 Except, “ The lass o’ Pattie’s Mill ”
 “ Or Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow.”

“And this is no mine ain house,” friend,
 Where wild Strathbogie’s waters roar :
 “ My ain fireside ” I will defend ;
 “ Get up Gudeman and bar the door.”

The gallant GRAHAME marches past,
 His arm encircling “ Barbara Allan; ” —
 Earl CROMLEUS Helen has, at last,
 From every lying treacherous callan.

On saddest page of Scottish life
 We fain oblivion’s cloak would draw ;
 O’er that ensanguined field of strife,
 Where “ Forest flowers were wede awa’.”

Ye spirits of the mighty dead,
 Who faithful to your prince did cling,
 And for your gallant Stuart bled,
 Your loyalty o’er the earth does ring !

From red Culloden's fatal page, —
 Where 's now thy glory, brave Lochiel?
 Yet each succeeding day and age
 Have felt the weight of Cameron's steel.

From dark Culloden's fatal field,
 Her exiles, in a foreign land,
 Made foes unnumbered fain to yield,
 From sturdy blows of clansman's brand.

And when receding from his sight,
 The blue hills on his native shore,
 His voice is borne on winds of night,—
 "I'll never see Lochaber more!"

POLLOCK, and BEATTIE close behind,
 YOUNG, with his "Midnight thoughts,"
 appear;
 MONTGOMERY'S "Voyages of the mind,"
 Join THOMSON'S "Seasons of the year."

No sweeter tone of land or tongue
 Invoked the tender heavenly muse,
 Than MICKLE, when he sweetly sang
 "There is nae luck about the house."

A Scottish lass can love command
 In castle ha' or braes o' Balloch;
 And give her love, her heart, and hand,
 Like "Roy's wife o' Aldevalloch."

How brief the dawning genius shone,
 Then melt in tenderest strains awa'
 When NICHOL, Scotland's youngest son,
 Sang, "We are men and brethren a'!"

And MOTHERWELL, his journeying done,
 Who wandered mony a weary way,
 Has found dear "Jennie Morrison,"
 His boyhood's "love o' life's young day."

The "WIZARD OF THE NORTH" appears,
 His gallant host with spear and lance, —
 The high and low, the prince and peer
 All hail the hero of romance!

The haughty Marmion was there,
 With clansman true from bush and brake,
 And "Ravenswood's Diana" fair,
 And the sweet "Lady of the Lake."

And marching on, with kingly mien,
 "Fitz James" with "Lady Margaret" true;
 The faithful pleading "Jennie Dean" —
 The Highland chieftain "Roderick Dhu."

"My conscience!" now my eyes have seen
 The "Bailie," and gay "Lochinvar;"
 "Argyle," and "Jock o' Hazeldean,"
 And wild and brave "Vich Ian Vohr!"

“ Meg Merrilies, ” from “ Ellen Gowan, ”
 Screamed forth her warning note of woe!
 And sweet Rebecca's dark eyes shone
 Beside the stately “ Ivanhoe. ”

And still the noble crowd march on,
 A multitude I could not name ;
 Till “ Cœur de Leon's ” helmet shone,
 Beside the plume of gallant “ Grahame. ”

They came from Ettrick and from Tweed,
 From Logan and from Lugar's clatter ;
 Where bards did tune their Scottish reed
 By Dee and Don and Afton water.

The plowman and the shepherd lad,—
 The mariners of Britain's weal ;
 With CAMPBELL, pensive, pale and sad, —
 The wizard warning wild Lochiel !

From “ Linden's ” war-ensanguined snow,—
 The “ Baltic's ” bellowing battle roar,
 I heard “ Lord Ullin's ” wail of woe,
 On deep “ Lochgyle's ” most fatal shore.

From scenes of strife to scenes of peace
 His tuneful harp obeyed his hand,
 And “ Erin's exile's ” wanderings cease
 Where “ stately homes of England stand. ”

Who next with kingly head and brow
 Comes marching with the swelling throng,
 The holly wreaths around his brow,
 Whom Colia crowned as king of song?

'T is matchless BURNS whose genius shines
 "O'er a' the airts the wind can blaw."
 His songs we in our hearts enshrine,
 "He is a credit to us a'."

While love the human heart doth cheer
 And gurgling Ayr still seaward flows,
 Montgomery's banks and braes shall hear
 The lover's sighs, the lover's vows.

On Maxwellton's banks and bonnie braes,
 Beneath the milk-white hawthorn tree,
 "I'll lay me doon," the lover says,
 And for my "Annie Laurie dee!"

Our songs he tuned with noble themes,—
 Their lovely thoughts our feeling warms;
 Composed in fancy's richest dreams,
 Those matchless melodies of BURNS.

The beauties of our burns and braes,
 In countless songs, unequaled shine;
 And "Highland Mary's" tender lays
 Shall live for aye with "Auld lang syne."

We melt with grief o'er scenes of woe,
 The strains of joy as quickly cheer us ;
 And " Bonnie Charlie's " ancient foe,
 For years to come will dread and fear us.

Prince Charlie's name can summon up,
 A Jacobin in every Scot ; —
 Wi' " Rab and Allan " o'er their cup,
 When Willie brews his peck o' maut. "

Most varied were the tales he told,
 O'erflown with wit and fun most rare ;
 What richer *tale* could he unfold
 Than that of " Tam o' Shanter's mare ? "

His master-hand touched every note
 That throbs within the human frame ;
 " From Maidenkirke to John o' Groat, "
 He followed Captain Grose's fame.

The largeness of his heart embraced
 In love all things, both high and low,—
 The eagle on the mountain-crest,
 The " timorous field-mouse " in the snow.

The " wounded hare " that crossed his path,
 And Maggie's hansel New Year's morn ;
 The " wee bird " cowering from the wrath
 Of winter's wild and bitter storm.

His cutting and his caustic pen,
 Keen mother wit and a' that
 Could scourge all self-conceited men
 With satire's shafts and a' that.

How he could lash the "unco gude,"
 In spite of state or church's ban !
 How bravely by his friends he stood,
 And every honest upright man !

The birks of Aberfeldy hold
 Remembrance of the trysting-tree ;
 Where love's impassioned tales were told,
 By banks and braes of Don and Dee.

The strangest sight amid the thrang,
 Of all that great and goodly quoram,
 Was SKINNER who both danced and sang,
 The reel and tune "o' Tullochgoram."

Here comes that wilfu', wakefu', wean
 "Wee Willie Winkie"—noisy loon,
 Wi' roar and rattle, laugh and scream,
 Wi' his "iron jug, and iron spoon."

Passed MILLER wi' "his bonnie bairn"—
 A dreaming poet, young and fair ;
 In "ilka lowe" he can discern,
 Those stately "castles in the air."

The gifted SMITH, not long ago
 His brave "Life Drama" did expire ;—
 Transfigured now he seems to glow,
 "Like martyr in his shirt of fire !"

Next comes that curious wond'rous wean,
 Wi' s what's an' wha's an' where's an'
 when ?

Speiring who was, or first had been ?
 Would puzzle e'en the wisest men.

AYTOUN, "with songs of chevaliers,"
 LEIGHTON in tender verse does speak ;
 Bold BLACKIE, who, in spite of jeers,
 Prefers his Gaelic to his Greek !

BLACK and MACDONALD, gifted men,
 Round Scottish seas in "white wings
 steer ;"
 Asking each towering cloud-capped ben,
 "Where did you come from baby dear?"

And gentle WILSON, wandering came,
 From vast Columbia's forests dim ;
 And "Watty" with his wrathful dame,
 Obedient now is following him.

At last my wond'rous dream brought forth,
 A noble form, with God-like face :
 The poet, critic, grand "KIT NORTH,"
 Loomed up with radiant light and grace

While dreaming thus, the Scottish muse,
 On thought-quick wings my spirit bore,
 Where Orient flowers with tropic dews,
 Glittered upon the Ganges' shore.

The scene was changed, from old to new,
 From banks of Clyde, to Irrawaddy ;
 Where mosque and min'ret met my view,
 And bagpipes, kilt and Highland pladdie.

And through the slumbering palm trees
 shade,
 On Bungalows the moonbeam plays ;
 And Scotia's pibroch sweetly played,
 Dear "Logan's bonnie woods and braes."

With wild, weird shriek the war-note died,
 Upon the silent midnight hour ;
 While turbaned, dusky forms I spied,
 Obedient bow to Albion's power.

Again I hear the pibroch's sound,
 In Kyber's Pass, and Bolan's Gorge;
 While " Up and war them a' " resounds,
 Beneath the red cross of St. George.

I saw the dear lass, Jessie Brown,
 Who all the siege of Lucknow braved;
 Her quick ear caught the pibroch sound—
 " Dinna' ye hear it ? We are saved ! "

And COLIN, bravest of the brave,
 Prompt at his sovereign's earnest call ;
 Went forth the saviours to save,
 Within red Lucknow's leaguered wall.

Southward I float with favouring gale,
 Where Britain's newest empire grows :
 " With wet sheet and with flowing sail,"
 Our gallant ship and " boatie rows."

In Melbourne's busy crowded mart,
 I see the trade that Rob Roy spurned ;
 Would not the bold Macgregor start,
 " To see his sons to weavers turned ?"

While paucky shepherds " ca' the yews "
 O'er vast Australia's rolling plains,
 I hear beneath the gum tree's boughs,
 " The Kye comes hame," in tender strains.

" My love is like the red red rose,"
 Floats on the Nova Scotian air ;
 And " Afton Water's " music flows
 Sweet as if sang on banks of Ayr.

In every land beneath the sun,
 Where'er thy wandering children strays
 We hear the Doric tongue that won
 Our hearts, in tender home-like phrase.

Again the shadowy scene was changed,
 Thought-quick, to those antipodes,
 Where sons of Scotia happier ranged
 Than treading Albion's broomy leas.

Here, red-skins of the forest dim,
 Forget awhile their savage ways ;
 Soul-charmed with Scotia's tender hymn,
 And matchless chord in all her lays.

Lake Huron's waves so deep and cold, —
 Ontario's wild and stormy sea,
 Have heard the tales the exiles told,
 Of land of song and minstrelsy.

Here, MACK greets MACK, when passing by
 With beaming look, and happier words ;
 Here, rights his native land deny,
 Is not the gift of feudal lords.

For here, a man's a man, in spite
 Of titled power, or rotten kings ;
 And BURNS's songs yield more delight,
 Because a happier freeman sings.

The lonely hunter, who afar
 In trackless wilds of Hudson Bay,
 Sings of his home in Lochinvar,
 Or dear romantic, wild, Strathspey.

The fisher on the stormy waves,
 Of Fundy Bay, or Brunswick's tide,
 Sings while the angry tempest raves,
 " My ain fireside ! My ain fireside ! "

And so, that same sweet strain is heard,
 " From lands of snow to lands of sun ; "
 The witchery of the Doric word
 Is dear to every Caledon.

Our songs, from BURNS to MICHAEL BRUCE,
 In castle hall and cot are read ;
 Can any land such strains produce,
 As " Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled ? "

From high Dumbarton's towering rock,
 To spicy groves of rich Ceylon ;
 Each land have songs of Scotia woke
 Enraptured with their marvellous tone.

The pibroch's grand unconquered strains,
 Has led our sons through many a fray ;
 From old Quebec and Abraham's plains,
 To blood-stained heights of Albuera.

While still perennial grows the pine,
 And heather purple's Scotia's braes ;
 The war-notes of clan Alpine's line,
 Ring in our latest minstrels' lays.

And when man joins his fellow-man,
 Around the social festive board ;
 Forgot is creed, and sect and clan,
 When strains of "Auld Lang syne" are
 heard.

'T was but a dream I've jotted down,
 It might refresh some toiling brother ;
 Upon the cairn I'll throw my stone,
 In honor of our "Auld Scotch Mother."

Our country's muse, I now must leave her,
 With all her rich and varied tone ;
 She crowns with gifts a Paisley weaver !
 As often as a College Don.

And ye who've wandered far away
 From scenes made dear by song and story ;
 Join with your bard, and let us say, —
 God bless our land, preserve her glory !

LINES WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A "QUAINT,
CURIOUS, AND UNIQUE POEM, ENTITLED, DES-
CRPTION OF A "MODEL NEWSPAPER."

BY WILLIAM BOYD. CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

My worthy friend, I got your letter,
But six months after date from you:
As I confess to be your debtor,
Some slight acknowledgment is due.

But what a wonder and surprise
When I beheld its strange contents:
And how I oped my wondering eyes,
Guessing what the production meant!

Though a poor Yankee at a guess,
Yet I essayed to solve the riddle,
And in my thinking-cap did dress,
And then tuned up my old cracked fiddle.

In trochaics and dactylic feet,
I tried a tune to suit the meter;
The case amphibrices would not suit,
Nor Southey's stately hexameter.

I rosined up my old horse hair, —
I swore by every rhyming devil, —
Got up and walked around my chair,
To break the witches' spell of evil.

Ne'er a line would smoothly jingle,
 Though I implored the Lasses Nine —
 All their poetic skill to mingle,
 In music devilish or divine !

I broke my fiddle — I was frantic, —
 I stood upon my head and swore ;
 My wife, she fairly thought me frantic,
 To see me caper round the floor.

My cat, true offspring of the mews,
 Grew furious at the wild disaster,
 And Ponto leaves the bone he chews,
 To know the trouble with his master.

Once more my Pegassus I harnessed,
 And faced the sun's departing beam ;
 And rode with whirlwind speed far west
 As dark Missouri's turbid stream.

Then lending spurs to lightning speed,
 I dashed across the prairies wide,
 Until my brave poetic steed
 Sank on the Rocky Mountain's side.

Then I attacked the curious rhymes
 That had my equanimity destroyed ;
 And, in the whistling of the mountain pines,
 Nature's own keynote I employed.

The lightning bursting from the cloud,
 The eagle screaming to his mate :
 The mountain torrent thundering loud,
 Down gorges deep and desolate !

There's harmony in every word —
 Nature repeats the sweet refrain,
 Of gnats upon the phonographic board,
 Or bounding buffaloes upon the plain.

Our dull and inharmonious ears
 Cleave to the earth, nor hear the sound
 Of music in the rolling spheres,
 Or snow-flakes falling on the ground.

The mystic rhythm of the whistling wind,
 Amid the shrouds of storm-tossed barks,
 Is musical, if not as kind,
 As low breathings of æolian harp.

While on the mountain top I stand,
 And view ten thousand worlds that roll,
 Swayed by the great encircling hand
 That governs, guides, and rules the whole.

The great creative power I see,
 That systems, suns, and stars command :
 And our fair earth, in just degree,
 Is to the whole as is a grain of sand.

When ocean's briny mountains rear
 Beneath the cloud o'er-burdened sky,
 'T is sweeter music to my ear
 Than man's inventions can supply.

Then let the billows toss and roar,
 And Boras blow his rattling hail ;
 And mountain torrents fiercely pour
 On winter's icy coat of mail.

Oft when a boy, in early spring,
 I 've studied nature amid budding trees ;
 Listening to sky-lark and the linnet sing,
 And heard the harmony of honey-bees.

In fragrant groves and leafy bowers,
 When opening buds their fragrance shed,
 I' ve spent the dear delightful hours,
 With woody warblers round my head.

The modern songs that now abound,
 In opera, concert, or saloon,
 Is seldom in rhyme or reason found,
 Or harmony, or time, or tune.

Dead are the feelings of the boy,
 When with the lark at morn I rose,
 And drank from nature's font, the joy,
 That gilded life *couleur de rose*.

The frost of two score years and more
 Have blanched my locks with frosty rime ;
 And sorrow, toil, and care have wore
 On my fair face their wrinkled line.

One half of life's sad journey's past,
 I've fought my battle bold and brave ;
 Had triumphs, losses, and at last
 Know a true friend, from flatt'ring knave.

Now life is bound in modern chains ;
 The child of nature pines and dies, —
 Creation's beauty still remains,
 But not to please mine eager eyes.

The times seem badly out of joint,
 And, as I daily read and see,
 The daily press to trivial errors point,
 And let the great delinquents go free.

O for a paper such as yours !
 A model of the virtues all,
 Whose salutatory full, insures
 Instruction vast for great and small.

Shall the great rich unpunished go,
 And thievings daily perpetrate ?
 Robbing alike both high and low,
 The church, the people, and the state ?

Shall smoothe-faced hypocrites go free,
 Though higher in the social rank ?
 Judges are bribed — juries will not agree,
 They 've friends in many a city bank.

The burglar and the highwayman
 Are just as rife and bold at work
 As when Dick Turpin's Black Bess ran
 The race from London down to York.

Defaulter, forger and e'en saint, —
 The daily press relates their crimes ;
 And in the mildest language paint
 Those deep-dyed villains of the times.

No wonder if the merchant feels
 Communists' muttering with dread ;
 The law's injustice, — whoever steals
 Millions, or a loaf of bread.

But what is honor, industry, or worth,
 Or all the laws the Decalogue may hold ?
 The wealthy sinners of the earth
 Can cover sins with shields of gold.

The honest sons of toil and care
 Their indignation ill repress,
 And shoddy-cloth and home-spun wear,
 While fools and knaves in satin dress.

In midnight hours with painted sin,
 The roue, pimp, and debauchee
 Carouse in bachanalian din, •
 Till darkness yield to light of day;

The gambler's den where cunning lurks,
 And guileless simpletons entice ;
 Where men with strange devices work
 At monte, or with loaded dice.

Like Hamlet, time is out of joint —
 Nor man nor woman yields delight ;
 Theology with sharpened point
 Is splitting hairs invisible to sight.

As we grow older do we lose
 Our faith in all of human-kind ?
 And twixt the Charybdis and Scylla prove
 The skeptic's fickleness of mind.

It may be things complexion take,
 Chameleon-like, on what there seen ;
 And Reason's better judgment shake —
 Things are not always what they seem.

And these spasmodic lines I wrote,
 This sultry summer afternoon,
 Are what a hairbrained scribbler thought
 Beneath the leafy trees of June.

Your quaint production passed my skill,
 Or power to alter or revise ;
 I write my obligation to fulfill,
 I would not dare to criticise.

I thank you for the honor meant
 In counting me among your friends;
 And for that verse original you sent,
 A wandering Scot his homage sends.

Then let me hope, and let me pray,
 For health and ripe old age for thee ;
 And father Time bring round the day
 You' ll dance grandchildren on your knee.

May health and happiness be thine,
 And round your hearth may virtues grow,
 And lads and lasses all combine
 To bid domestic roses blow.

And when the Fates shall cut the string
 Of earthly life for realms afar,
 You 'll hear the sweetest angels sing
 Beyond the bonny morning star.

My verses now I here will close,
 Seal them, and send them on the road
 To Cambridge, where the Charies flows,
 Near by the home of WILLIAM BOYD.

THE PRESS.

LINES READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO
STATIONERS' BOARD OF TRADE,

AT THE
TREMONT HOUSE,
Wednesday, March 30. 1881.

THERE is a magic in the name, —
None can its influence disown ;
It has a greater power we claim
Than even king upon his throne.

For power of kings, or pride of place,
With all their tinsel shows unfurled,
Are relics of a worn-out race, —
'T is now the Press that rules the world.

Imagine what would be the fate
Of life and liberty and laws,
If Bigotry and tyrant Hate
Shackled the Press from Freedom's cause !

Our free religion then no more
Its rich, consoling balm would bring,
To soothe the mourners' lonely hour
With Hope on Faith's triumphant wing.

Thick gloom would o'er the earth prevail,
 Brute Ignorance begin his reign,
 White-winged Commerce furl her sail,
 And earth to chaos roll again.

The statesman's wise and righteous laws,
 The patriot's deed of valor done,
 Would sink in dark Oblivion's jaws,
 Unheard, unheralded, unknown.

Music would perish at its birth,
 The poet's song would die unheard,
 Were there no Printing-press on earth
 To give the noble utterance word.

Science would linger, pine and die,
 And art would droop her noble head,
 If Art of arts did prostrate lie
 Beneath Oppression's iron tread.

By storied banks of classic Rhine
 Where Mentz lies hid in vine-clad bowers,
 Its glory Guttenberg let shine,
 And guarded all its infant powers.

A voice more potent never spoke
 When Progress blew her loudest blast,
 And all earth's smiling valleys woke
 In gladness, to the name of Faust.

It burst on earth a brightening ray,
 Like morning breaking o'er the land,
 And taught both kings and queens their sway
 Must come from willing subjects' hands.

Its dawning all oppressors smote,
 And hastened Superstition's fall ;
 The Press in ominous letters wrote
 Belshazzar's doom upon the wall.

The student waited long for thee,
 Through dark Egyptian nights of gloom ;
 Their long imprisoned minds to free,
 And make the earth like Eden bloom.

Its thunder shook the walls of crime,—
 Its power the haughty tyrant saw,
 When Printing's new-born tocsin chime
 Brought reign of Liberty and Law.

Fierce Bigotry now hides his head,
 Grim Tyranny has drooped and died,
 And Tolerance and Liberty will lead
 The nations as a faithful guide.

New hosts now aid its grand career,
 And steam and lightning do its will,
 Bringing the news from far and near
 The numerous daily sheets to fill.

Its sleepless feet-winged Mercurys
 Are everywhere unknown to men,
 Gathering the news with ears and eyes,
 And thought-quick phonographic pen.

Asmodeus-like they lift the vail,
 And all earth's hidden secrets view ;
 To every wind they trim their sail,
 And saints and sinners interview.

You 'll see them on the battle-field
 Or at the sanctuary's peaceful shrine;
 To them the criminal will yield
 The details of his midnight crime.

The chemist to the printer brings
 Strange revelations from his cell ;
 And poring o'er infin'tes'mal things,
 Can nature's wondrous story tell.

The astronomer each starry night,
 The music of the heavens can hear ;
 But what avails e'en science might
 If circled in a narrow sphere.

The Telegraph, child of its will
 Responsive to its touches' throb,
 Flying on Ariel's wings until,
 It "puts a girdle round the globe."

Its voice the words of wisdom bring,
 From pulpit, poet and hoary sage ;
 Its clarion notes sublimely ring
 With lofty thoughts on every page.

Thou stampest thy enduring seal,
 For countless centuries to last,
 And ages hence thou shalt reveal
 The buried wisdom of the past.

Its latest nursling all admire,
 And list to its familiar tone,
 Travelling upon its slender wire, —
 Hallo ! Hallo ! the Telephone !

Thou royal mistress of all arts,
 All nations own thy useful sway ;
 'T is thy Arch'median lever starts
 And moves the busy world to-day.

The Press now leads the public mind,
 Spreading its influence near and far ;
 Teaching all nations of mankind
 The arts of peace, not arts of war.

'T is mightiest herald that has trod,
 On earth, its ever onward way,
 Leading all nations up to God,
 And quelling Superstition's sway.

When schemes of patent fraud appeal
 To capital in honest guise ;
 Its potent voice the truths reveal,
 And bursts the bubble in their eyes ;

Upholding all true men of worth,
 Whom spoils of office cannot buy, —
 Branding corruption at its birth,
 However fair the flatterer's lie.

Its power has broken Draco's laws,
 Opened the martyr's dungeon door, —
 Spoken for freedom's holy cause,
 And plead for all earth's work-worn poor.

The Sultan, Shah, and haughty Czar,
 Ere they can peaceful pillows seek,
 Must sheathe the sword of bloody war,
 And let the Press with freedom speak.

Engine of Progress and of Light,
 Renewing all earth's thumb-worn creeds,
 Fighting abuse, — maintaining right,
 And fostering great and noble deeds.

As round revolves this lovely earth,
 The sun no fairer city views,
 Than where the Press gives daily birth,
 To "Tribune" "Times" and "Daily News."

Organs of every creed and thought,
 In Saxon and in Teuton tongue,
 Come daily with new knowledge fraught, —
 In "Inter Ocean," "Staats Zeitung."

Each trade and business has its voice, —
 Each play or passion, great or less ;
 Sciences neglected long rejoice
 Through special organs from the Press.

It is the mirror that reflects,
 Our pride, our passion, and our power,
 Society's social laws and sects,
 And all the follies of the hour.

Its conquests now are greater far,
 Than scaffold, prison-wall, or stake,
 Or all the victories of war,
 Done for religion's own sweet sake.

While men are staunch, and true, and brave,
 With honest hearts, and willing hands,
 A free Press shall its influence wave,
 On native and on foreign lands.

We children of the Press' birth,
 Still nourish science, art, and trade, ;
 We know our greatness, power and worth,
 And shall not let its glory fade.

Its light shall pass from shore to shore,
And Ignorance will disappear ;
Red war shall drench the earth no more,
While rusting lies the sword and spear,

Nor kings nor priests can check thy sway ;
That glorious majesty of thine,
Shall shine with ever-quenchless ray,
Sweeping majestic thro' the gates of Time.

AUTUMN WOODS.

'NEATH broad-leaved walnut trees I lie,
In cool retreat and shaded cover,
And watch the white-winged ships sail by,
To other shores a welcome rover.

When weekly comes my day of rest,
By yonder lake I love to linger,
And gather flowers from nature's breast,
With work-worn hand and toil-stain'd finger.

The burnished sun his fiery rays,
On mountain, plain, and lake, are glowing,
And through the long warm summer days,
The fields with living green are growing.

From summer's dawn to autumn's eve,
When flowers and birds are all departed;
Nature in colored garments grieve,
For summer joys and days departed.

The butternuts around my door
To red and russet brown are turning,
And in yon grove along the shore,
Like flame the sumac bush is burning,

Perennial stand the stately pines,
 In green and gold in shaded hollow ;
 While bright the scarlet maple shines
 Like Jacob's coat of many colors.

By fields and path and country road,
 The gaudy autumn flowers are blowing,
 While here and there the golden-rod,
 In flaming head of gold is glowing.

Round stately trees the ivy twines,
 And decks its trunk in royal purple ;
 While boring 'neath the tangled vines,
 For winter quarters digs the turtle.

In dreary turnip fields the hare,
 His coat of hodden-gray is turning ;
 And by the fences brown and bare,
 The fire-weed's scarlet top is burning.

Round garden patch and wood and lea,
 The autumnal wind, now veres and varies,
 On leafless mountain-ash I see
 The fiery gleam of scarlet berries.

Their nuts the chattering squirrels crack, —
 The quail in shrilly notes are crying ;
 Against the sky, a speck of black,
 The somber, mournful crows are flying

The wild hawk floats on pulseless wings, —
 In covers dense are partridge drumming ;
 Sadly the thrush his farewell sings,
 On stiff'ning wings the bees are humming.

Beneath the beech-trees' spreading arms,
 Flashes the pigeon's purple pinions ;
 And softer sunlight's mellow charms,
 Light up the wild birds' dark dominions.

Coreopsis with their flaming face,
 Back to the sun defiance flashes,—
 While snow-white penny-royal grace
 The bank the mountain streamlet washes.

The sound within the wood that 's heard,
 Is only rain and chestnut patter ;
 And rustling leaves by rabbits stirred,
 And querulous squirrels noisy chatter.

And thus, I pass the hours away,
 Each thought a most unwelcome stranger ;
 Let fancy tricks fantastic play,
 I 'm but a careless, dreaming ranger.

Beneath the broad-leaved walnut trees,
 I rest, from weekly toil and labor ;
 Nor do I mar while at my rest
 The worship of my nearest neighbor.

To day I rest, and lie and smile,
 Sunday I claim's my day of leisure ;
 The bigots' creed shall not beguile,
 My week-worn feet from rest and pleasure.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE nations mourn him dead
 Whose words have millions read
 With intellectual joy and great delight ;
 No more his pen will cheer,
 No more his voice we'll hear,
 So firm and strong in cause of human right.

His lofty brow and face
 Is dimmed by death's embrace,
 But his soul on airier pinions fly ;
 Down through the flight of time
 Millions will read his rhyme,
 Such words as his were never born to die !

No lines his pen has traced,
 Do we wish e'er effaced,—
 He has no cause for sorrow or regret ;
 The world cannot afford,
 To loose a single word,
 His gifted pen in choicest verse has set.

He was the muses' child.
 And pure, and undefiled,
 From fawning flatterers votive crew ;
 From nectar that distills,
 Among his native hills,
 He grand and lofty inspirations drew.

Sunshine, and cloud, and storms,
 Yielded to him their charms,
 In their sublime and ever-varying mood ;
 Far from the haunts of men,
 In wooded hill or glen,
 He loved the dim and quiet solitudes.

This green earth of the lords,
 Was fresher for the words,
 His inspired pen has given us to read ;
 And every creeping thing,
 And all the birds that sing,
 Will join me in a requiem for the dead.

And Roslyn's wooded dells,
 Where sylvan beauty dwells,
 No more will see his kind and genial face :
 The birds, the trees among
 Will cease to sing their song,
 Missing the master from his 'customed place.

The wild Atlantic's roar.
 May sound along the shore
 Of classic Roslyn's sacred walks and woods ,
 The sounds no more will cheer
 The gifted poet's ear,
 Who loved the music of their solitudes.

The largeness of his heart,
 All nature formed a part,
 And gave him that nobility of soul :
 Faith in all human creeds,
 Hope that to fruition leads,
 And gentle Charity that crowns the whole.

O, may our nation raise,
 In these degenerate days,
 Men with as strong and uncorrupted mind ;
 Who boldly will maintain,
 Against oppression's reign,
 The laws of God, and freedom of mankind.

But gifted poets ere him,
 In many a lofty hymn,
 Have prophesied the millennium had began :
 And yet how few can claim
 Such clear and spotless fame,
 As he, the poet and the gentleman.

From youth to hoary age,
 Scan o'er his living page, —
 His busy life from cradle to his grave :
 And you will see, I ween,
 How few and far between,
 There are like him, so noble, kind, and brave.

Now, in some realms afar,
 Where naught of earth can mar,
 His soul is bathed in more celestial dew ;
 And lovelier groves and skies,
 Delight his wondering eyes,
 Than aught his richest fancy ever knew.

Shattered, and rent, and broke,
 The silver cords that woke,
 The mellow music of his matchless lyre :
 Now cold and dumb he lies, —
 And dimmed those sparkling eyes
 That used to shine with rare promethian fire.

Not like a galley slave,
 Scourged to an early grave,
 Went his life out, upon an unknown sea ;
 The loved, and white haired sage,
 Has filled his life's last page,
 And joined his Thanatopsis, in immortality.

Adieu, thou poet sweet, —
 In Roslyn's calm retreat —
 Above thy grave will flowers and forests wave :
 There genial souls will find,
 A Mecca of the mind,
 And drop a tear o'er CULLEN BRYANT's grave.

THE FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THRICE welcome, mild and balmy spring,
 With sunshine smiling through your tears ;
 Poets as well as birds will sing
 In bursts of gladness for your coming here.

The robin pipes his morning notes,
 High on the bud-swelled oaken tree,
 And through my chamber window floats
 The wild bird's gladsome reveille.

Reviving nature feels the thrills,
 Of new life gushing through her veins ;
 And, from a thousand ice-freed rills,
 Comes gurgling music o'er the plains.

My children with me in the wood,
 Will run with eager feet and seize,
 The violets by the south wind wooed,
 And star-eyed white anemones,

Like me, my Mabel, nature loves,
 With all the eagerness of youth ;
 Searching her secrets till she proves,
 Their why and wherefore, and their truth.

Herbert, my boy, will stray behind,
 Linger in dreamy, thoughtful mood ;
 And with his large blue eyes will find
 The rarest treasures of the wood.

Charlie, my youngest, is a lad,
 Of questionings and common sense,
 Such as make parents' heart-strings glad,
 Without that namby vain pretense.

The snow-drop is spring's earliest gem,
 It tells me wintry winds have fled :
 How tenderly I cut its stem,
 And take it from its icy bed.

Since last I saw their graceful forms,
 Full many a lovely flower I've seen
 Flaunting gay hues the eyes to charm,
 In bowers and fields of varied green.

I've seen the summer's gaudy plumes,
 Deck woods and fields in colors gay,—
 I've tasted of their sweet perfumes,
 And seen them fade and pass away.

I've seen bleak Autumn's chilling blast,
 Strip bare the trees, and stain the leaf,
 I marked him when my door he passed,
 With sickle and with yellow sheaf.

I've seen old Winter's icy hands,
 Come stealing o'er the northern hills ;
 I've seen him bind in iron bands,
 The limpid lakes, and rippling rills.

Then welcome, lovely flowret fair,
 Gladly thy modest praise I'll sing ;
 Though Summer's flowers have colors rare,
 Yet thou'rt the fairy queen of Spring.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

THE wings of Time so noiseless wave,
 And his revolving pinions drive,
 Between the cradle and the grave,
 Or till we reach gray sixty-five.

If childhood 'scape the hand of death,
 And manhood's riper prime arrive
 A few short years we have of earth,
 'Till we like you reach sixty-five.

Your once firm steps are getting slow ;
 And crowfeet creeping round your eyes, —
 And furrows also on your brow,
 Say down hill now your journey lies.

Time is a never ceasing change, —
 From youth to age we hopeful sing,
 And pluck the flowers as on we range,
 But, ah ! how oft we feel the sting.

Our days are mixed with joy and pain,
 And pleasure's cup we freely drain,
 And with the draught oft mix our tears,
 To soothe the bitter dregs of pain.

And though encompassed round with foes,
 And tho' Dame Fortune's smile you lack,
 Whate'er your joys, whate'er your woes,
 God fits the burden for the back.

Whate'er of earthly gifts you've missed,—
 And what of worldly buffets borne ;
 A rich reward among the blessed,
 You 'll have, when dawns eternal morn.

When looking back to childhood's hours,
 When schoolmates joined with you in play;
 Then all your path was strewn with flowers,
 And life was one long summer day.

And when full-freighted manhood came,
 And hope shone like a brilliant star ;
 Urging you on to life's high game,
 To earth's temptations, and its wars.

Where are the fickle friends, who said
 We will be staunch to you, and true ?
 Alas ! they long ago have fled,
 And vanished like the morning dew !

A faithful one alone remains,
 And still sits smiling by your side ;
 She's shared your joy, and soothed your pain,
 And been a true and trusted guide.

Long years you've travelled hand in hand,
 Sharing each other's griefs and joys
 But now around your footstool stand,
 Your lovely girls, and manly boys.

What, though old winter's frosty rime
 Your locks, and chin, and forehead dyes ;
 Beneath the frosts and snows of time,
 A warm heart in your bosom lies.

May you when life's hard game is o'er,
 And all your earthly tasks are done,
 Be wafted to that happy shore,
 To find the prize for victory won.

Still trust in Him, the great I am,
Who sees a sparrow, or a giant fall ;
For He will pour his healing balm,
Upon the world-sick hearts of all.

There's many a patient soul that grieves, —
And many a tender loving heart,
From man's inhumanity receives,
The words that wound like poison's dart.

That eye above, can all discern,
The bruised heart's sad grieving strings ;
Through earthly loss you yet may learn,
The songs celestial seraphs sing.

How oft we look with longing eyes,
To that far-off and unknown land,
And through the mists of doubt that rise,
Upstretch and seek with weary hands.

And travelling still truth's rugged road,
And striving with our earth-bound feet ;
Oft longing to lay down the load,
Heart-weary of life's bitter-sweet.

How oft the haughty spirit's bent, —
The proud heart bowed and broken down ;
The kindly unfulfilled intent,
Is killed at birth by passion's frown.

Now lift your eyes beyond the hills,
 To where is fixed your hope and stay ;
 From there comes all the joy that fills
 The Indian summer of your days.

SUBURBAN MUSINGS

I 'VE seen the anemones and violets blow,
 In leafless wood and meadows drear ;
 I 've seen the ripening berries grow,
 Gay childhood's eager eyes to cheer.

I 've seen the oak trees' swelling buds,
 Expand beneath a genial sun ;
 And fresh'ning showers from April clouds,
 Proclaim the spring time had begun.

I 've seen the robin and the blue-jay come,
 And build their nest, and rear their young ;
 I 've heard the insects' drowsy hum, —
 The bullfinch and the thrush's song,

With wife and children I have strayed,
 Along the shore where breakers ran ;
 While Mabel, Bert and Charlie played,
 With wind-lashed waves of Michigan.

And when the summer's sun ran high,
 Parching the earth with solar heat ;—
 We 've seen the stately ships go by,
 And watched our children bathe their feet.

O childhood's dear delightful hours,
 Once gone, to us come not again ;
 We gather thorns instead of flowers,
 And all our joys are mixed with pain.

In respite from our daily toil,
 We hail our weekly day of rest ;
 And God's green earth our steps beguile,
 Where man-made creeds cannot molest.

There for a few quiet hours we may
 Hold commune with the great First Cause ;
 And there delighted disobey
 Society's tyrant rules and laws !

There I can speculate on why
 Some flowers are short and some are tall,
 Or why the oak-trees, towering high,
 Come from the acorn's cup and ball ?

From whence do all the colors come,
 That paint the flowers in blue or pink ?
 Both science and philosophy are dumb,
 And all we do is gaze and think.

Now daily I can mark the change,
The landscapes gradually wear :
And as the eye o'er woodlands range,
Bright scarlet berries now appear.

Whence come those stains the green to mar,
The sounds in corn-fields I hear ?
It is the moaning voice of nature's war,
And those the death wounds of the year.

And so the seasons come and go, —
The genial spring with sun and showers,
Makes summer roses bloom and blow,
And decks with green the leafy bowers.

Then sober autumn time draws nigh, —
Her lap with bounties running o'er ;
Then winter, with his blustering cry,
Comes rattling hailstones at our door.

The sun and showers of ages past,
On mankind just and unjust fell ;
How long will time and seasons last ?
Come, who can guess, or who can tell ?

AMERICA. — A BAILLAD.

WRITTEN FOR FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

NEARLY four hundred years have passed,
 Into the silent tomb of Time,
Since brave Columbus westward cast
 His eyes across the ocean's brine.

And in his mind's prophetic eyes,
 He saw the Western world unrolled,
With boundless forests, — bluer skies,
 And stores of glittering gems and gold.

Upon an audience with the king,
 Columbus asked a ship complete ;
And pledged his knightly word to bring
 An El Dorado to his feet !

The Atlantic's trackless waste he braved,
 For weeks and months was tempest-tost ;
At last Hebridean islands waved
 Their golden arms upon the coast.

The country then was but the home
 Where painted savages abode ;
More savage than the beasts that roam
 Obedient to the will of God.

The greed of gold sent thousands here,
 From Europe's war-worn shore ;
 And scenes of crime, both far and near,
 Have drenched this land in gore.

Pass we two centuries of years,
 See in Delphaven harbour lie,
 A bark whose peaceful pennon bears,
 The " Mayflower's " magic name on high.

And in conclave assembled there
 Stern and deliberate men are met
 To baffle tyrant rule, and dare
 The fire, the rack, the bayonet !

In them no weak effeminacy found —
 Ne'er pampered in luxurious ease ;
 In firm resolve they all are bound
 To raise an empire o'er the seas.

What was their welcome when they viewed
 New England's rugged, iron, shore ?
 An ice-bound land — a trackless wood,
 And wind and water's angry roar.

And did their strong hearts quake ?
 Did they their desperate fate bewail ?
 No ! Plymouth Rock itself might shake,
 But their firm will would never quail.

For they withstood oppression's rule,
 The tyrant's cruel unjust laws, —
 Were nurtured in privation's school,
 For freedom's just and holy cause.

They fought the red man for their lives,
 Within the dark and tangled wood
 And for their children, and their wives,
 Wild Indians and fields subdued.

When dread King Philip's war-whoop rang,
 Around the pilgrim's strong stockade ;
 How oft alarmed, Miles Standish sprang,
 And grasped his tried and trusty blade.

How fast Priscilla's heart would throb,
 When brave John Alden joined the strife !
 How would the little children sob,
 When Indian blade made widowed wife !

From place to place, alarms and fears,
 Among the early settlers spread ; —
 Schenectady at midnight hears,
 The savage foe dance round their bed,

A Narragansett chief once sent,
 Some arrows in a serpent's skin ;
 Bradford defined the strange intent,
 With powder sent them back again.

- And Roger Williams, brave and true,
 Essayed to tame the savage hounds,
 But vain, till Captain Mason's crew,
 Sent them to happy hunting grounds.

Wyoming's vale, and Mohawk's stream,
 The painted savages did raid ;
 Where torch and tomahawk did gleam
 Around defenceless wife and maid.

The screaming child — the blazing cot,
 The helpless one's heart-piercing wail,
 Are scenes that ne'er will be forgot,
 In Gertrude of Wyoming's tale.

A bright day dawned however, when
 The red men did a contract sign,
 "To live in love with William Penn,
 As long as sun, and moon shall shine."

Thus passed the old colonial days, —
 More strength the infant nation shows ;
 His sturdy limbs he now displays,
 Casting aside his swaddling clothes.

But Mother England, she said, No !
 This western giant was her pride ;
 From her safe apron must not go,
 Such childish whims should be denied.

And then she sent her good lord Howe : —

To Uncle Sam let it be known,
How great the care is I bestow, —
He's far too young to walk alone.

Weak were our colonies and young,
Scarce fit with veterans to fight ;
Firmly we'd not submit to wrong,
We knew, and dared maintain our right.

Still Brother Jonathan replied : —
“ I guess, I calculate, I know !
I've rights that shall not be denied,
While mountains stand and waters flow.”

'Mong these are life and liberty.
And the pursuit of happiness ; —
To tax, to represent, and see
A free and independent press.

Gouty John Bull with wrath was filled, —
How dare the rascal disobey ?
But Sam rebellious grew, and spilled
His mother's tea in Boston Bay !

Then there was war, and bitter words,
Betwixt the sire and youngest son ;
And one bright April morn their swords
Made red the fields of Lexington.

The deed was done : that morning's strife
 With brighter hope the world did fill
 And freedom's newer lease of life,
 Arose at hard fought Bunker Hill.

Brave Warren led his untried men,
 When freedom's bugle blast blew shrill ;
 He left his desk, his book, his pen,
 To wield his sword at Bunker Hill.

A new-born banner there did float,
 June's breeze its folds unfurled ;
 From there rang out new freedom's note
 That echoed round a startled world.

Then seven long years of warfare came,
 With untold suffering, hardship, toil ;
 To keep undimmed fair freedom's flame,
 It tried each patriot's struggling soul.

Adams with eloquence aroused,
 The men from all New England's hills ;
 And then, Virginia's sons espoused
 The cause, that patriot's bosom thrills.

The appeals the youthful Marshall made,
 Who could withstand his burning scaith !
 Or Patrick Henry, when he said,
 " Give me my liberty or death ! "

As noble men as e'er were born,
 Were those whose deeds we love to tell,
 Who braved the hireling's leaden storm,
 Like Warren, fighting when he fell.

When Washington the Just arose,
 He did, to victory his soldiers lead ;
 And baffled all his country's foes,
 From Camden's plain to Trenton's mead.

Unvanquished still, their arms remained,
 Against the hirelings of king George ;
 Thro' hunger and thro' snow blood-stained,
 Their footsteps marked at Valley Forge.

On forum, and on tented field,
 Was freedom's battle fought and won ;
 Otis, and Hancock, would not yield,
 Nor Gage, nor Greene, nor Washington.

One midnight dark, without report
 Within Ticonderoga's keep,
 A brave Vermonter stole the fort,
 And broke the British General's sleep.

"Surrender !" Ethan Allen cried :
 "To whom ?" the General did demand,
 "The Great Jehovah" he replied,
 "And Continental Congress of the land.

Yet, not alone 'mid northern snow,
 Did half-clad soldiers fight and freeze :
 Moultrie, in contest with the foe,
 Defeats " the Mistress of the seas ! "

The brave Vermont militia-men
 Whose general made the quaint remark,
 " We must defeat the foe, or then
 A widow will be Molly Stark ! "

We blush o' brutal Tarleton to speak,
 His cruelty put savages to shame :—
 The memory of Waxhaw Creek,
 Out Herods even Herod's name.

The plundering Tyron oft did boast,
 How he would Yankee rebels tame ;
 He ravished all New England's coast,
 With Soldiers bearing sword and flame.

As fiercely fought was Eutaw Springs
 As aught the sunny south did see :
 A watchword yet, the name still rings
 Of Marion, Pickens, Sumter, Lee.

From Brooklyn Heights, to Stony Creek, —
 From Princeton, down to Brandywine ;
 Where Marion's men in ambush creep
 Through Carolina's groves of pine !

The seven years war came to an end.
 And Yorktown's fort at last was won ;
 Cornwallis then, his sword did send.
 To Rochambeau and Washington.

There 's many a hard fought field we know,
 Although our numbers were but few ;
 As aught which history's page can show,
 From Marathon to Waterloo.

Again peace spread her wings of white,
 Over the nation's blood-bought land,
 And freedom from her mountain height,
 Welcomes the oppressed of every land,

Then victory leapt on joyous wing —
 A suffering nation now was free ;
 Peans of joy the people sing,
 For life, for love, for liberty !

And quaint old Independence Hall,
 Its very bell did crack with glee ;
 The strain was sung by Faneuil Hall,
 The cradle of our liberty.

Monadnock nodd'd his brown peak,
 To Hampshire's hoary hills of snow ,
 The Adirondack mountains speak,
 In silver tones, to lakes below.

The great Niagara changed its tune,
 To music of a loftier key ;
 While Hudson's rolling waters, soon
 Bore the glad tidings to the sea.

The cloud-capped Rockies blusht with pride,
 The pine-clad Alleghanies sang ;
 And Mississippi's turgid tide,
 Told it where rich savannahs sprang.

The wind o'er boundless prairies bore
 The gladsome strains from sea to sea :
 Pacific hears the Atlantic roar,
 The welcome news, " the land is free. "

The notes of joy o'er all the earth,
 In jub'lant diapasons rang,
 As when creation had its birth
 And all the stars together sang,

Earth's suffering thousands gathered here,
 As freedom's safe and sure abode ;
 To live secure from tyrant's fear,
 With liberty to worship God.

A long respite of prosperous years,
 After each weary hard campaign ;
 To pruning-hooks were turned their spears,
 To reap their fields of golden grain.

Go search the world from sea to sea,
 From torrid unto frigid zone ;
 A happier land you cannot see
 The sun in glory shine upon.

And four-score years of sun and shower,
 Their gladness and their gloom had cast,
 In peace, prosperity, and power,
 And rare inventions unsurpassed.

Scarce passed the century, when lo !
 Our Southern sky looked dark and wild,
 Soon fell, the sad destroying blow,
 On that for which our fathers toiled.

For when the nation's just decree,
 Chose the good Abraham as chief ;
 Our Southern sons in warfare see,
 The only way to their relief.

Ambition is the curse of power,
 By which we're told the angels fell ;
 For even Satan, from his blissful bower,
 Was plunged to deep and darkest hell !

So then our Southeru brethreu tried,
 Fair freedom's heritage to mar ;
 To rule, to ruin, or to divide
 The land with internicine war.

The shot that fell on Sumter's walls,
A sudden, startled country hears,
And bravest statesmen's heart appalls,
With doubt and trembling, hope and fears

As sounds of war break o'er the land,
With all their wild and sad alarms ;
Swift answering to their chief's command,
Men leave untilld their peaceful farms.

I saw those volunteers depart,
I heard them bid their friends adieu ;
I saw the trembling tear-drop start,
And beauty's blooming cheek bedew.

I saw the star-gemmed flag on high,
Float proudly o'er the surging crowd ;—
On those who went to do or die,
Shone valor on each visage proud.

The grand sword-music of their sires,
Was ringing in those warriors' ears,
Rekindling the Promethean fires,
In all those Northern volunteers.

The war-steed sweeping to the fight, —
The starry flag that beauty gave ;
Waved proudly grand before their sight,
Cheering the gallant and the brave.

All honor to the true and tried,
Who faced unflinched the battle's storm ;
And for their country bled and died,
For us, and ages yet unborn.

But whatsoe'er the centuries bring,
Of joy, or sorrow, to our lot ;
Oh ! spare our land from Emperor or King
And Fourth of Julys shall not be forgot.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLD-
IERS' MONUMENT, CAMBRIDGE JULY 13, 1870.

Great Architect, Creator thou
Of heaven and earth, sun, moon, and stars,
Thy blessings on this work bestow, —
Memorial of our civil wars.

The internicine strife which stormed
Our country o'er, both near and far,
And nature's loveliest works deformed
With barbarous acts of civil war.

When wild destruction's blazing brands
Spread desolation far and wide,
And Rapine, with her ruthless hands,
Joined with the erring fratricide.

Both scenes of woe and scenes of blood
 Our country's fairest fields have seen ;
 From dark Missouri's turbid flood
 To fair Potomac's banks of green.

And traitorous tongues the quarrel fed,
 Demoniac fury filled each breast,
 O'er all the raging ruin spread, —
 On th' oppressor and th' oppressed.

Oh, hungry war that we have fed
 With those we loved, the best and brave —
 The prison pens sent forth their dead,
 And only "unknown" marked their grave.

The appointed time was near at hand
 When Slavery should cease to be ;
 And God, through Lincoln, did command
 That every bondsman should go free.

Our nation's sins we humbly owned,
 And waited Thy appointed time ;
 Although we kept no slaves in bond,
 Allowing it, we shared the crime.

Forgive us, Father, we were the weak
 Instruments of Thy Almighty hand ;
 In our sad suffering Thou didst speak,
 Purging that evil from our land.

Our country o'er, from coast to coast,
 Hath felt Death's dark and sorrowing train,
 And not a fireside but hath lost,
 A son, a friend, or father slain.

In memory of the noble slain
 This Monument shall now arise,
 Our struggling sons died not in vain
 But bled, transmitting us the prize.

In north-east place the corner stone,
 And test it with masonic square,
 That the high fabric raised thereon,
 Be plumb and upright, just and fair.

Let no superfluous parts obtrude,
 But with the Gavel all erase,
 And with the Plumb of rectitude,
 Prove it from topmost stone to base.

So do we teach the masonic youth,
 And test, and try, and prove his heart ;
 The Gavel and the Gauge, of truth,
 Shall fit and measure every part.

Apply the Level's searching plane,
 To every layer and every stone,
 That true proportions we may gain,
 From pillar up to towering dome.

And with the Compass circumscribe,
 And keep in bound each point and line ;
 The Tresstle-board your work shall guide,
 Agreeably to the grand design.

The Mallet, and the Chisel, too,
 Will make the polished pillars shine ;
 A fit oblation then is due
 Of Corn, and Oil, and healthy Wine.

And when the cap-stone fills its place,
 On which the sculptured soldier stands ;
 Patriots, and masons, then may trace,
 The skill of the Mark Master's hands.

Hark ! to our Worthy Master's voice,
 We hear the glad and welcome tone,
 Which makes each mason's heart rejoice :
 " Well formed and true, and trusty stone. "

Now east and west an ocean laves
 The shores of re-united lands ;
 And all are free, and not a slave
 From pole to sunny tropics stands.

One boundless blue above our head —
 The richest soil beneath our feet ;
 No civil strife at home we dread,
 No foreign foe we fear to meet.

Now joy and peace all hearts pervade,
 And Freedom reigns on every shore ;
 While patriots live, 'twill never fade,
 But last, "till Time shall be no more."

Our flag undimmed floats on the breeze,
 No star is lost — behold them all ;
 Whatever shore or land it sees,
 It speaks of freedom unto all.

Our strength with fear the tyrant fills, —
 He trembling hears his subjects' groans :
 While freedom from our hills and plains
 Shakes Europe's startled trembling thrones.

Oh King of kings, at whose command
 The mightiest nations fall or rise, —
 With Thy unerring sov'reign hand,
 Thou rulest all the earth and skies.

In times of grief to Thee we fly,
 In joy we claim Thy listening ear —
 From Thy eternal throne on high
 Bless this memorial which we rear.

Again from war our nation spare,
 And bid all earthly discords cease ;
 Hear Thou our humble, earnest prayer,
 Send down thy choicest blessings — Peace.

SONG FOR THE GRAND ARMY,
 DEDICATED TO
 POST W. H. SMART, CAMBRIDGE, MASS, 1865.
 TUNE. — JAYNES.

COMRADES who have faced the battle —
 Comrades who have braved the foe,
 When the storms of war did rattle,
 Laying many a veteran low !
 Ye have bravely done your duty, —
 Fought and bled from wounds and scars,
 For our country, home and beauty,
 Braved the dangers of the wars.

Conflicts now are past and ended —
 Sights of war no more are seen,
 But those heroes who've ascended,
 We shall keep their memory green,
 Ours the blessing — theirs the glory,
 Who so bravely fought and fell,
 Their heroic deeds and story
 We shall proudly love to tell.

Now no more the tramp of legions,
 On the field of war appears;
 Mustering from our distant regions,
 Turning pruning hooks to spears;

No long marches on the morrow,
 For a weary, sad, campaign,
 You have had surcease of sorrow,
 Loss of friends, and wounds and pain.

Now a grateful, loving nation,
 Which your strong arms sought to save,
 Should award with compensation
 Worthy of the blood you gave;
 And yon monument of glory
 We will guard and sacred keep,
 For an everlasting story
 Of the veterans now asleep:

THE NEW YEAR, 1869.

ANOTHER varied year has gone
 With all its cares and hopes and fears ;
 The long eternity draws on
 Of changeless never-ending years.

And man still plans from day to day,
 For earthly ease and earthly joy,
 Through hours of toil and hours of play,
 With all the longings of a boy.

While Time's unerring fingers mark
 The fateful years as on they run, —
 How bright some hours and some how dark,
 That cloud with gloom life's morning sun.

Then peace on earth, good-will to men,
 The angels sang when Christ was born ;
 Let all the nations say, Amen !
 On this thrice happy New Year's morn.

Then welcome to the new-born year !
 No more we hear the war steed's tread,
 The sword is sheathed, — the battle spear
 Is turned a shepherd's crook instead.

Now dawns on us a happier day,
 A day that millions yet will bless ;
 Our chosen chief will lead the way,
 Through many a doubt-fraught wilderness.

He takes the helm at sorest need,
 Determined our sad war shall cease ;
 Upon that line he'll fight and lead
 The nation to a happy peace.

Let there be peace ! the waves were stilled
 As Jesus spake on Gallile : —
 May there be peace ! so he has willed, —
 Our Grant of old Cragallachie.*

Columbia stretches out her hands
 To fair Britannia o'er the sea,
 And France with her white lilies stands
 And says the Empire "Peace shall be."

* One of the old homes of the clan Grant, and from which came their famous slogan, or war cry, "STAND FAST CRAGALLACHIE."

Wrongs sink before the people's voice ;
 Spain to new glory shall arise ;
 United Germany rejoice,
 And Italy see fairer skies.

The Turk, the Arab, and the Czar,
 Shall smoke the pipe of sweet content ;
 And peace shall reign, and no more war,
 From Orient to Occident.

The Christian Cretans cry for peace,
 Across the old Byzantine wave ;
 Shall tyrants rule the land of Greece,
 That to the world such treasures gave ?

Ring, happy bells ! this glad new year,
 And drown the blatant's lying tongue,
 That spreads its venom far and near,
 And mars the song the angels sung.

Let white-winged Peace, with open arms,
 All countries, sects, and climes unite ;
 And may no more war's dire alarms
 Her gentle loving soul affright.

Ring in the brotherhood of Love,
 Ring out all wars and passions fierce —
 And 'neath the approving Eye above,
 Ring in a holocaust of peace !

MY NEIGHBOUR, T. D. S.

My worthy friend and rhyming brother,
We often court the fickle muse ;
And 'mid our daily toil and bother,
The lasses nine do us amuse.

You in your attic, in my basement I,
Sit plotting, planning, many a scheme ;
We gaily fling our troubles by
And with the Muses soar and dream.

On couch of down we float above
A world of sorrow, toil, and din,
Dreaming of that republic's love,
From which wise Solon banished sin.

Both you and I love kindly deeds,
And sometimes try with feeble pen ;
To liberalize and broaden creeds
In every land — among all men.

Then may the Muses often throng
Beneath your humble happy roof,
And crown you with the gift of song,
To sing of beauty, love and truth.

'T is ten o'clock, I do declare, —
 My wife sits by me nodding, — winking ;
 I smoking in my big arm-chair,
 Do still keep up a mighty thinking.

You know the saying : " Satan finds
 Mischief for idle hands to do ; "
 While love and music fill our minds
 He 'll ne'er find work for me or you.

While we sit burning midnight oil,
 And filling our old heads with fancies,
 While draughts of Helicon beguile
 Our senses, and our soul entrances.

Then in your attic sing and dream,
 While I below dose in my basement,
 Thinking on " what might have been, "
 And startle at my own amazement.

TO JOHN HOCKING.

My friend, we 're here at your invite,
 A shade of sorrow dims each eye ;
 We know that when we say Good-night,
 We 'll say that sadder word, Good-bye !

These words are but a tribute just
 To warmest friendship's dearest tie ;
 If something in our eyes look moist,
 'T is nothing — we but say, Good-bye !

I wish to speak, and yet I fear
 To trust my tongue to address you :
 But if you nothing more can hear,
 I'll say, Good-bye, God bless you !

The heart within each brother's breast
 Is heaving with a sorrowing sigh,
 At your departure for the West,
 Saying, perhaps, our last Good-bye !

Each friendly look is eloquent
 With sympathy both warm and true, —
 The heart's short, simple sentiment, —
 Dear John, Good-bye, God bless you !

These poor, weak words, are mean rewards,
 From all your friends assembled here ;
 Yet our unanimous regards
 Are earnest, heartfelt, and sincere.

The only wish the tongue can name,
 For you with such a generous heart, —
 Is that Prosperity's bright flame,
 From your roof-tree may ne'er depart.

But chance and change we daily see.
 Life's dearest ties are rent and riven :
 Yet, breathe a sacred wish, that we
 May all meet in the Lodge of Heaven !

The boys shall not forgotten be,
 Who round the parent's knees are flocking:
 May each of them grow up to be
 As honest as their good sire, Hocking.

The partner of your weal and woe,
 We give our warmest wishes too,
 That sweet content, and joy may flow.
 In streams of daily bliss to you.

When far away, thoughts backward fly
 To scenes of friendship's plighted troth :
 You 'll think of us to-night, who try
 To say, Good-bye, God bless you both !

TO THE LAVEROCK.

I.

SWEET Laverock, soaring in the sky,
 How shall I worthy sing thy praise ?
 How shall my worldly tongue reply,
 To thy inspired melodious lays ?

II.

Had I the power, I might perchance,
In fitting rhymes thy song make known ;—
Sing of its beauty and romance,
In notes as tender as thine own.

III.

Could I in sunshine dip my pen,
And limn its glories in my verse ,
Or paint the flowers of mead and glen,
And all their matchless beauty trace.

IV.

But I can never hope to vie,
With liquid music such as thine ;
My earth-bound feet can never fly,
Where silver-toned thy pastorals chime.

V.

When gowan-scented meads rejoice,
Beneath the balmy west-wind skies ;
The notes from thy full-throated voice,
Makes life feel like a perfect prize.

VI.

Thy music issues from the clouds
When ruddy sunset's shades grow dim ;
Far up above the noisy clouds,
At eve we hear thy vesper hymn.

VII.

When sunlight paints the orient sky,
Thy matin song sounds loud and clear ;
And, as ye soaring upward fly,
Thy song sounds from another sphere.

VIII.

No sorrow in thy happy song,
It seems a burst of joy complete :
Its notes to greener fields belong,
Where fain I 'd cool my earth-worn feet ;

IX.

And walk beneath a stainless sky,
And tread thro' greener groves and woods,
Where man-made music cannot fly,
To mar their quiet solitudes.

X.

Thy notes through Eden's groves prevailed,
When truth was fresh and knowledge young,
E'er mother Eve in grief bewailed
The bitter-sweet of serpent's tongue.

XI.

No primal curse sounds in thy voice, —
No strains of conquered grief is thine ;
But man, when he will dare rejoice,
Through tears of grief his joys still shine.

xii.

And so our feeble songs to-day,
Grow sweeter through our care and pain :
We cannot match thy peerless lay,
Nor our lost Eden find again.

xiii.

Earth's twilight darkens with alloy,
Our purest, most exalted strain ;
Your shower of bliss, — a song of joy,
Descends from heaven in sweet refrain.

xiv.

Thou art the bird of Paradise !
With no gay colors of pretense ;
Singing thy sweetest harmonies,
In thy unconscious innocence.

xv.

Token of that fair time, art thou,
When pure and sinless thought was young :
The stamp of manhood crowned each brow,
And golden truths spoke every tongue.

xvi.

God made thee good, so art thou still,
One of the things that 's good and fair :
He gave to thee thy matchless thrill,
But yet no gaudy dress to wear.

XVII.

Thy song delighted I have heard,
At morn, at noon, and twilight dim :
The joy, rejoicing nature shared,
And day died happier for thy hymn.

XVIII.

Joy-hushed I list thy evening song,
No storm clouds break its golden calm :
Both earth and sky, and old and young,
Enraptured hear thy perfect psalm.

XIX.

Sweet Laverock ! that can calmly look
Where day dies slowly, and can gaze,
On twilight shadows on the brook,
And valleys' mountain-shaded ways.

XX.

Carol thy song o'er plain and hill,
Thou poet of the deep blue sky ;
The syren's luring song is still,
When thy sweet argosy floats by.

XXI.

Thy harmonies joy-laden flow,
And lift my soul on soaring wing,
Doubling its sweetness, for I know
No sorrow when I hear thee sing.

A BIRTHDAY POEM.

As year by year Time's warning bell,
 Rings round the globe each passing hour ;
 The dial fingers plainly tell,
 To-night that Frank is fifty-four.

A half a century's sun and showers,
 Have shed their sunshine and their snow :
 And he has gathered pleasure's flowers,
 And also drank his cup of woe.

Life's bitters and its sweets, we all
 Must taste each passing day or hour ;
 To-night let pleasure fill the hall,
 Though Time tells Frank he's fifty-four.

How oft has friendship's charmed spell,
 Deceived you with her hollow smiles ?
 You've lived to learn, and now can tell,
 How Flattery's silvery tongue beguiles.

But eager eyes, with outstretched arms,
 And beauty, manhood, love, and power,
 Will chase their *igins fatuus* charms,
 Long past the figure fifty-four.

Each longing heart has some fair dream,
 Some fond desire to be attained :
 Each year, the distance further seems,
 The wished-for Mecca 's never gained.

Your shadow lengthens to the east,
 We watch your slow declining sun ;
 May you enjoy life's autumn feast,
 Till winter sees your journey done.

Though Time has silvered o'er your head
 And left his crowfeet round your eyes ;
 No hoar-frost on your breast he 's shed,
 A warm heart in your bosom lies.

Th' fabled fountain o' immortal youth, —
 That Ponce De Leon never found ;
 In all the regions of the south,
 Can in your happy heart be found.

I see life's early feelings glow, —
 Youth's fire and ardor is not cold,
 And morning freshness still you show,
 Though Time may say your're growing old.

To this fair world each human heart,
 Its fondest hopes and longings bring ;
 But bloom and beauty soon depart,
 When darkening days their shadows fling.

Between the future and the past,
 In vain mistrust and doubt we stand ;
 Whither our feet move slow or fast,
 Still vanishes the promised land.

Tho' love, and fame, and wealth, and power,
 May charm us with their gilded bond ;
 We pine for th' unattain'd each hour.
 The hearts fond something is beyond.

Like me, your heart did ne'er pursue,
 A purpose visible in sign ;
 I made image like apostate Jew, —
 My idol on a hollow shrine.

Nor question thy illustrious name,
 Its purple, or its ancient glow ;
 We do not ask the title of its claim,
 Of ribbon favors kings bestow.

We can see upon thy brow so fair,
 The impulse in the heart that springs :
 Man's true insignia is there,
 The stamp and seal, of King of kings.

How hale and hearty Francis looks,
 With wife and children to adore ;
 And with his pictures, pipes, and books,
 He should be gay at fifty-four.

'T is our united wish, that when
 The boys and girls shall wedded be,
 A happy Grandpa surely then
 Will dance grandchildren on his knee.

Now let us with the warmest thanks,
 Give him a hearty three times three ;
 And hope with undiminished ranks,
 To meet at Frank's next birthday spree.

A DAY BY LAKE MICHIGAN.

Neath oak-groined leafy shades I lie,
 And watch the dancing sunbeams play ;
 From August's clear and cloudless sky,
 This calm and peaceful holiday.

From distant clover-patch I hear,
 The scythe ring on the sharpening hone ;
 The drowsy stillness on my ear,
 Says summer days are nearly gone.

The very air is slumb'rous and still, —
 Not a zephyr breaks the glassy lake ;
 And vessels lie with flapping sail, until
 Soft, dreamy autumn winds awake.

Th' very gulls, too indolent to fly,
 Rest idly on the shingly shore :
 The eagle, floating in th' hazy sky,
 Seems dreaming, and indiff'rent to soar.

High up the bluff the martins make,
 A chatt'ring round their safe retreat :
 My merry children wade the lake,
 With minnows darting round their feet.

High on a bare and blasted pine,
 The falcon sits in thoughtful mood,
 Watching his prey, like silver shine,
 Beneath the surface of the flood.

Far out in safety sits the loon, —
 Along the shore the pipers run :
 Earth, air, and lake, lie in a swoon,
 'Neath trem'rous kiss of August's sun.

Nature is hushed, in still repose,
 Her song is soft, and low, and sweet ;
 Each hour sings music as it goes, —
 In distance, song and silence meet.

Soft lullabies to nameless tune,
 Float over fields, and shaded steep ;
 Filling my ear with mystic croon,
 I close my eyes and fall asleep.

I lie that afternoon and dream,
 Were rippling rills pour in the lake ;
 And fairies from the dimpled stream
 A thousand long gone mem'ries wake.

My dream assumes a golden hue,
 From clouds, and butter-flies, and stream
 And scenes of paradise I view,
 And eat my lotus leaves in dreams.

While drowsy bees go humming by,
 The autumn leaves shed their perfume, —
 Their task the reapers gaily ply,
 While fainter grows the warblers' tune.

White lilies lift their waxen cups,
 Exhaling fragrance rare and sweet ;
 And every flower with smiles lit up,
 Blush from the kiss of summer's heat.

The partridge drum is faintly heard,
 Far in the dark wood's safe retreat ;
 Up overhead the leaves are stirred,
 By chattering squirrels' nimble feet.

Yet little heed I times or tides,
 Or life, or death, or heaven, or hell ;
 Our destiny the future hides,
 And none its future mysteries can tell,

TO MABEL, BERT, AND CHARLIE,
IN ANSWER TO THEIR LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS,
CHRISTMAS, 1880.

My children dear, I got your letter,
And off upon my travels set, —
A sleigh, six reindeers, never better,
Headed direct for old Wilmette.

'Tis now some thirty years and more,
Since first I crossed its fields and woods ;
The Indian's war-whoop then did roar,
Within their deep, dark, solitudes.

For each, there are some picture books, —
A box for Mabel, from Japan, —
For Bert, and Charlie, rubber boots,
A high sled for the little man.

A book all full of fairy lore,
About the wee-folks o'er the seas :
And skates, the bright ice to skim o'er—
And slippers soft, for warmth and ease.

The candy, raisins, nuts, and such,
Will last you all for many a week ;
Be careful, do not eat too much,
Or they may make you very sick.

And arrows straight to fit your bow, —
A pack of cards : — now I beseech,
When playing do not make a row, —
Be quiet and gentle in your speech.

A checker-board, to try your wits,
When in the double corner chased ;
If kings assail you, give them fits —
Be not defeated, nor disgraced.

Now here 's a knife, a good one, too,
For use and ornament 't is made ;
The finest steel, and tempered true,
Like the far-famed Damascus blade.

Last, though not least, with all my chat,
Which you may think is rather funny ;
Your mother 's got her cloak and hat,
And pocket-book to hold her money.

I hear my team's impatient call,
I must be speeding far from here ;
A merry Christmas unto all,
To old and young, a bright New Year.

A FAMILY CHRISTMAS PARTY,

FOR HARRISON H. DOUGLASS.

WE have come with merry greeting,
 And with right good Christmas cheer ;
 What, though old Time is sweeping,
 Towards another opening year.

Though the earth still bears her sorrow,
 In cot, and even lordly hall :
 Yet may the auspicious morrow,
 Bring joy, and happiness to all.

May widows of the " holy cause, " —
 The fatherless, war left forlorn,
 Be visited by Santa Claus,
 With many a merry Christmas morn.

Now happy friends are gathered here,
 Though not in an unbroken chain ;
 Our sister, in yon heavenly sphere,
 With our lost children plays again.

'T was not to be, their spring of life,
 No buds of summer was to see ;
 Now all our fondest hopes can give
 Are tears to their loved memory.

Yet one sad pleasure still is found
 When those we loved have passed away,
 To muse beside the flowery mound,
 That rises o'er their mouldering clay.

If there is aught can soothe the pang,
 Linger in our heart with pain ;
 'T is, in the great hereafter we,
 Will meet our children all again.

But who is this that 's coming now,
 'T is merry Christmas' royal grace ;
 Around his feet the virgin snow,
 While joyous smiles his happy face.

A right warm-hearted fellow he,
 With holly wreaths around his brow :
 A charm of virtue great I see,
 Which all the year lay dull till now.

He is no summer friend, I ween,
 Who comes when skies are bright and fair ;
 And sunshine glistens all serene,
 And perfume fills the balmy air.

He comes when wintry tempests lour,
 When earth looks chilly dark and drear ;
 His presence lights the darkest hour, —
 O, may he bring to all good cheer.

Yet, better still, his coming brings,
 He links fond hearts again anew,
 When friendship took estrangement's wings,
 From hearsay of the prattling crew.

And more, our royal, kingly guest,
 The child of sorrow cheers a while
 Its woes forgot — in blessed rest,
 Beneath Emmanuel's genial smile.

This mighty universal day,
 Our king performs a glorious part :
 He clears our selfishness away,
 And rubs the rust from off our heart,

Let all unite to bless the day,
 Christian, and Infidel, the same ;
 Though creeds may differ — all can pray,
 " Our Father, hallowed be thy name. "

I crave your pardon for delay,
 The creature comforts now appear ;
 Now with your bard, all join and say,
 I wish the world a glad New Year !

LINES WRITTEN

IN A VOLUME OF POEMS

PRESENTED TO JOHN FLEMING, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR friend, this little gift we send,
To you, who truly proved a friend ;
A friend, indeed, how sweet the sound,
When friends are few and seldom found,
When selfishness runs rank and rife,
And avarice seems the rule of life ;
When men, with smiling, base deceit,
In every trade and bargain cheat.
It cheers the heart of those who find
A noble, high, and generous mind,
Whose heart to kindest impulse tends,
And makes and keeps and serves his friends.
With studious and acquiring mind,
May you within this volume find
The richest thoughts, the child of song,
Has sung in Doric or in Saxon tongue.
Here SHAKESPEARE's fairy songs delight,
And MILTON, in his heavenward flight,
Soars with his wrapt poetic soul,
Where stars celestial music roll.
Here fairy SPENSER, — joyous BEN ;
And DRUMMOND, dear, o' Hawthornden.
Their choicest songs are here combined,
To cheer the appreciative mind.

And as your hand the bright page turns
 You 'll meet our dear loved Scottish BURNS,
 Who sang of love, and patriot fire,
 That cowards or cravens might inspire.
 Now, may this volume ever be
 A source of dear delight to thee,
 Beguiling many a weary hour,
 With witchery of the poet's lyre ;
 And as the rolling seasons bring,
 The winter's frosts, and flowers of spring ;
 May every season to thy door,
 Bring health and wealth, and friends galore ;
 And last, my wife, I, and my children dear,
 Wish you a prosperous, glad New Year.

A RHYMING LETTER.

TO WILLIAM BOYD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 1880.

Now Winter reigns a despot king,
 The sun no more with genial breath
 Spreads gladness on the morning's wing ;
 As heat is life, so cold is death.

When night her sable mantle casts
 O'er the vast prairies spreading wide,
 And snow-encumbered Borean blasts
 Make comfort prized at our fireside,

My children romp with life and glee,
 The Mother scans the city news ;
 While I sit smoking, calmly see
 My castle's grand dissolving views.

I scratch my pow to rouse my brain ;
 I seize my harp, whose feeble strings
 Can only give a sad refrain,
 Like singing bird with wounded wings.

And while its chords my fancy sweeps,
 I firm resolve to write a letter
 This very night before I sleep,
 In prose — or verse, if nothing better.

In answer to your letter sent,
 And now illumed by memory's rays,
 I see the happy days I spent
 Ere came misfortune's evil days.

Though I can boast no learning grand,
 Acquired in Harvard's classic halls,—
 My tutor was my native land,
 Her woods, rocks, hills, and waterfalls.

Yet from a heart sincere I sing,
 E'en if my limping lines lack merit ;
 And tuneless, as a broken spring,
 To your fine-strung and rhythmic spirit.

Since Father Time first trod the stage,
 'Mid all its strange and motley throng,
 In every clime and every age
 The best of men are sons of song.

Roam every land, search every tongue,
 The sweetest poets song adorns,
 No richer words were ever sung
 Than those by Scotia's ROBERT BURNS.

The infant bud and opening flower,
 Exhaling to the balmy spring,
 Would lose their beauty and their power
 If lark and poet did not sing.

Though foreign lands of songs may boast,
 With liquid soft Italian words,
 Our matchless Doric is not lost,
 Nor our unequalled singing birds.

The busy, bustling, worldly throng
 Would feel that life was blank and drear,
 Without the poet's magic song
 Their toil-worn, fevered nerves to cheer.

'T would be, like frozen river, dead,
 Or like a harp with broken strings, —
 Like vast Sahara's desert drear,
 Where gushes no life-giving springs.

You may too far extol my merit,
 And view me with a friendly eye,
 And criticise with kindly spirit
 The random thoughts I versify ;

Yet oft I've felt poetic fire
 My heart and brain and bosom warm,
 And felt a strange and strong desire
 My thoughts to clothe in fitting form.

I'm but a home-spun country chap,
 Can shed a sympathetic tear ;
 Or laugh as loud 's a thunder-clap,
 When wit or humor do appear.

When others talk, I sit and think, —
 I never learned the way to flatter :
 Men confidential o'er their drink
 Do each with fulsome praise bespatter.

Can love a friend, both firm and true,
 As Damon by his Pythias stood ;
 Can quaff a cup of " mountain-dew, "
 Use wine or water with my food.

Was never drunk, but temperate still
 In meat and drink and men's opinions :
 A witch condemned I would not kill,
 Nor atheist send to hell's dominions.

The life-restoring heat will come
 And loose the ice-bound waterfalls,
 And birds and beasts will happy roam
 Where brooks sing sweetest madrigals.

I hope a fairer spring awaits
 Both you and me when life is o'er ;
 Where cycles, years, nor time, nor dates
 Leave trace upon the eternal shore.

But I must draw Pegasus' rein, —
 I've cantered many a weary mile ;
 Ere four short hours are past, again
 I'll buckle on mine arms of toil.

But e'er I wipe my rhyming quill,
 My heartfelt prayer I send to thee,
 That heaven your cup with comfort fill
 And keep you from all evil free.

THE OLD MAN.

He 's neared the length of life's retreat,
 He 's watching now the river's flow,
 He hears the ominous death-watch beat,
 And feels his quivering pulse beat low.

He prays he may not long remain,
Impatient lingering, waiting here ;
His weary spirit, yearns so fain,
For those he loved so fond and dear.

He in his day-dreams often views
The mate he took for weal or woe ;
The partner which his fancy chose
Has reached the goal long years ago.

At night, he dreams of that loved home,
Where dwelt the loved and early lost ;
He hears her sweet voice bid him come,
Nor longer stay there tempest tossed.

And, as he dreams, an angel band
Sing round his bed with music low,
Telling the glories of that land,
Where his tired spirit longs to go.

That land, where every mortal eye
Often with longing looks will gaze,
And wish to bid the world good-bye,
To enter everlasting days.

Soon shall his weary life be o'er,
Soon leave earth's dull and clouded skies ;
And when he lands on yonder shore,
He 'll see the groves of Paradise.

SPRING.

FAREWELL to dreary Winter's chilling winds,
 That pierce our trembling frame as with a
 knife ;
 Spring's balmy breezes soothe our troubled
 mind,
 And animate our bodies with new life.

Welcome ! thrice welcome, sweet and fragrant
 spring,
 Thy coming gladdens many a downcast
 heart,—
 Welcome ! for thou dost health and pleasure
 bring,
 And to the weary comfort doth impart.

The genial sun and gentle showers,
 The groves and bleak brown rusty fields
 adorn ;
 With bud and bloom and leaf and opening
 flowers, —
 This is earth's annual resurrection morn.

The brooks, their icy fetters now have broke,
 And laughing gurgle down the mountain
 side ;
 The teeming earth its insect life has woke,
 And verdure clothes the meadows far and
 wide.

The gentle murmuring of a thousand rills,
 From every side are borne upon the breeze ;
 While far away the bee among the hills
 Is gathering honey from the blooming trees.

Thy copious showers refresh the thirsty,
 ground,
 And draw delightful odors from the grass :
 Our ear is gladdened by the buzzing sound
 Of insects sporting round us as we pass.

New life is throbbing, from the lowest weeds
 Up to the towering tops of tallest trees ; —
 Governed by that unerring hand that leads
 The changing seasons over land and seas.

Again earth's convalescents breathe the balm,
 With which the gentle western winds are rife ;
 And in some south'rn hill-side's shelter'd calm,
 Drink in Spring's sweet elixir of new life !

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 1 st, 1872.

BROTHER BILL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

A SCORE of years are nearly gone,
 With hope and joy, and fear and sadness,
 Since your two hearts were joined in one,
 To share alike, life's grief and gladness.

But who alone the veil can lift,
 And tell us of the secrets hidden ?
 'T is only He, whose hand can lift,
 The mystery of the great forbidden.

'T is well, lets share the hours we have
 Of pleasure, from the great All-giver ,
 Who all this world of beauty gave,
 Of land and sea, and lake and river.

For times of grief will come to all, —
 We each have had our scenes of pleasure ;
 But He who knows the sparrow's fall,
 Will for each back the burden measure.

Again a happy reunited band,
 Of mother, sisters, friends, and lover,
 Around this festive table stand,
 And none are now a distant rover.

Such times as these our heartstrings thrill,
 And wake our youthful days once more ;
 Although Time's warning finger tell,
 The dial for some mark forty-four.

How swiftly half a century flies !
 As we look back along lee shore,
 Musing on shattered hopes that lie —
 Time tells us he is forty-four.

But see, he's hale and hearty yet,
 With paunch and pocket running o'er ;
 It tells us all to work and wait,
 And be like him at forty-four.

Look at his bonny blushing bride,
 As lovely now, as at sixteen !
 No vain regret, no boastful pride,
 Of what has, or what might have been.

True to her faithful marriage vows,
 She weaves her hair in gifts for you,
 To wear above a heart, that glows
 With love for her, unchanged and true.

Then with a three times three lets greet,
 Our elder brother, hale and hearty ;
 That we again next year may meet,
 At Brother Bill's big birthday party !

IN MEMORIAM.

EBEN M. SMITH, AGED 24 YEARS, 3 MONTHS.

Our friend has gone ! his gentle soul has fled
 To that blest rest where prisoned souls are
 free ;
 Though his frail body in the earth is laid,
 His better part has gained eternity.

Eternity and bliss through Time's all-circling
 years,
 With God, his father, friend and gracious
 King !
 The cry of sorrow now no more he hears
 But songs of joy thro' heaven's high arches
 ring.

When Treason with her bloody-handed crew,
 Disturbed the nation's quiet, peaceful rest ;
 A leal heart, patriotic, firm and true,
 Was beating eager in his loyal breast.

He rushed to arms his father's sword to wield,
 (For rights in which his grandsires fighting
 fell :)
 From red Antietam's hard victorious field,
 Until defiant Richmond's stronghold fell.

Thrice happy he whose race so quickly run !
 Freed from the care that mortals feel below ;
 His sufferings all were past, his bliss begun,
 When Death's chill finger laid his body low.

But, only God has taken back the gem,
 Refined by suffering in its mortal clay,
 To shine the brighter in His diadem,
 'Mid scenes of bliss, and everlasting day.

Why should the bitter tear-drop trembling fall?

Why should the bosom heave with sorrow-
ing sigh ?

His soul was waiting for his Father's call,
Prepared to meet His all-forgiving eye.

He quit this world of doubt and death resign'd

After the racking pain his body bore ;

A mother dear, a sister, patient, kind,

Soothed his last moments till his pain was
o'er.

Since then, no art or friendship could avail,

To change the will of Him who rules on
high ;

Death kindly eased the sufferer's painful wail,

And angels bore his spirit to the sky.

DREAMING.

I sit with the smoke-wreath's shrouding,

The present from out of my sight,

And days of langsyne come crowding,

With feelings of joy and delight.

My every-day toils are all vanished,

And sorrow, and sickness, and sin,

From memory is blotted and banished

When Fancy's light foot-fall steps in.

For oft half asleep I lie dreaming,
 And think, I'm a boy once again ;
 And thousand-fold fancies are teeming,
 With wonderful joys through my brain.

Thus dreaming in silence and sweetness,
 I breathe the rich odors of spring,
 And laugh at Time's hurrying fleetness,
 For now I'm as happy 's a king !

Toil, trouble, and weariness vanish,
 And Pleasure's fair palaces rise ;
 Thoughts mundane and moody I banish,
 I'm as free as a bird in the skies !

I shout with my school-boys when sharing,
 Some hard won victorious game ;
 And hear the sad cry of despairing,
 From the vanquished in fortune or fame.

As backward I look from gray fifty,
 To when I just entered on ten ;
 I sigh I had not been more thrifty,
 And wish to recall time again.

So each generation succeeding,
 Ne'er heeds the experience of those
 Who like us, on life's pathway preceeding,
 Fight over again the old foes.

GARFIELD.

I.

UPON his dark and cypress throne,
I saw the King of Terrors stand,
Claiming all nations as his own,
By irrevocable command.

II.

The thriftless sluggards of the earth —
The wandering outcasts of the street, —
The new-born innocents at birth,
And vigorous youth, and maidens sweet.

III.

Nor spares he either sex or age,
Nor poor nor rich his hand can bribe ;
The prince and peasant, — fool and sage,
His mandates stern must all abide.

IV.

Then tell me not that He on high,
For His own great glorious end,
Let the assassin's bullet fly,
A nation's heart with grief to rend.

V.

Sophestries like these may please,
 Blind superstition's bigot crew,
 Whose god can spread death and disease.
 And arm fanatics like Guiteau !

VI.

Our land breathed happy, not a cloud
 Dimmed the horizon of the year ;
 Industry's voice proclaimed aloud,
 A happy, prosperous, long career.

VII.

And when both fame and honor crowned
 With victory's wreaths her favourite son,
 And loyal words for him resound,
 From rising to the setting sun :

VIII.

Then fell the assassin's cruel hand,
 When days of jubilee were near ;
 It turned a happy, peaceful land,
 To one of mourning and of tears.

IX.

As if from out a peaceful sky
 The fiery thunderbolt is hurled,
 So did the murderer's bullet fly,
 Death-winged, and startled all the world.

III

X.

'T is said, Death loves a shining mark,
At which his fatal shaft to throw ;
And so unpitying was his dart,
It laid the nation's chieftain low.

XI.

The chief lay dead at Elberon,
And pleasure's crowd awhile were still, —
The votaries of the gay salon,
Their time to sadder measures fill.

XII.

The nation's joyous July days
Were overcast with doubt and gloom ;
Even the sun — his genial rays
Waxed pale in shadow of the tomb.

XIII.

The woodland warbler's song was still —
The insects ceased their buzzing hum ;
A gloom hung over plain and hill,
And children's happy noise was dumb.

XIV.

The blooming flowers that deck the sod,
In sorrow hung their lovely head ;
And outraged nature cried to God
For vengeance on the murderer's head !

xv.

Old ocean's waves the sorrow sent
 With saddening wail from pole to pole ;
 The wind, from Orient to Occident,
 The news on every shore did roll.

xvi.

When stretched upon a bed of pain,
 He bore his sufferings day by day,
 As bravely as that leaden rain,
 He faced at Chattanooga's fray.

xvii.

'T was hard to die in prime of life,
 When highest honors crowned each day ;
 Harder than if on field of strife,
 Had his war-pierced body passed away.

xviii.

Oh, patient sufferer ! how long,
 And uncomplainingly you bore
 A hundred deaths, the assassin gave,
 That skill could heal not, nor explore.

xix.

At last, Death from his ebon throne,
 The cruel summons forth has sent : —
 Release ! the brave long-suffering one,
 The nation's much loved President.

XX.

Columbia mourns her favourite son, —
 The nation's heart with grief is torn ;
 A mother weeps for her loved one,
 A widowed wife and children mourn.

XXI.

As o'er his life we backward look,
 And scan his eager, earnest, toil,
 With heart and hand, and pen and book,
 Working and burning midnight oil.

XXII.

We honor him, and lives like his,
 Whose life in low estate began ;
 Who burst surrounding chrysalis,
 And rose at last a gentleman.

XXIII.

The lowly steps he did not spurn,
 By which he reached ambition's height,
 But in his onward path would turn
 To help some toil-deserving knight.

XXIV.

Obscure his humble life began,
 Yet in the cycle of his years,
 Fair genius crowned the self-taught man,
 A chosen one among his peers.

xxv.

How kindly genius nursed the spark
Implanted in the student's breast ;
And set for him her highest mark,
Like light on far-off mountain crest.

xxvi.

He must be great who carved his way
Unaided, friendless, and alone ;
The one the whole world mourns to-day,
Rose from the tow-path to a throne !

xxvii.

High in a people's unbought love,
He only sought the nation's weal,
With brave, heroic deeds to prove
His worth, and local jealousy to heal.

xxviii.

Through half a century's honest toil,
He broke the cruel gyves of fate.
Won fortune's hand and fortune's smile,
Was chosen ruler of the state.

xxix.

Knowledge is power, he knew it well,
Like lover sought her far and wide ;
Till o'er his form her mantle fell,
And chose him as a nation's guide.

XXX.

He worshiped at her shrine a power,
Greater than Emperors or Kings ;
And often in her sacred bower,
Drank deep of the Pierian spring.

XXXI.

'T is lives like his that give us hope,
That man to higher hope aspires :
I read the future's horoscope,
Of gallant deeds of worthy sires.

XXXII.

And his illustrious sires we trace,
Through mists of thrice a hundred years ;
The blood o' Huguenots mix with the race,
Of Briton's battling cavaliers.

XXXIII.

Scions of men with sword and quill,
Who fought for freedom hard and long,
'Gainst bigotry of priests who still
Silence the words of conscience tongue.

XXXIV.

Worthy that race from which he sprung,
Who first in freedom's battle shone,
When liberty her tocsin rang,
From Europe's to Columbia's sons.

XXXV.

His hero form did nature mould,
 With noblest heart and lofty brain ;
 Knowledge to him her stores unrolled,
 Showing the goal he was to gain.

XXXVI.

His manly heart in Death's embrace,
 Lies pulseless now upon the bier ;
 And still the voice, and worn the face,
 Of him we loved to see and hear.

XXXVIII.

For when our great Republic sought,
 From faction's spoils rest and relief,
 The Sage of Mentor forth was brought,
 And crowned o'er all her chosen chief.

XXXVIII.

Let's not despair, although we mourn ;
 Whose life he to his country gives ;
 To his heroic words we turn, —
 " God reigns, and still our country lives ! "

XXXIX.

While millions mourn and sing the praise
 Of him so gentle, good, and brave,
 A humble bard his tribute lays,
 With this, upon Great GARFIELD'S Grave.

BANFF REVISITED.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN IN
MONTCOFFER WOOD, MAY 17, 1874, ON MY
RETURN TO MY NATIVE TOWN AFTER AN AB-
SENCE OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

MONTCOFFER ! 'mid thy wooded hills,
The exile from across the main
Forgets awhile earth's cankering ills,
And breathes health-giving air again.

Reclining on a mossy bank,
I now, delighted, view each scene,
Where youth its inspiration drank
Of many a bright poetic dream.

How swift the rolling years will glide,
And worldly cares will leave their trace —
With May-dew from Montcoffer's side,
I'll bathe the wrinkles from my face.

I see my native mountains wild,
Yon craggy linn, and Alvah's glen ;
And the glad free spirit of a child
Comes back once more to me again.

I see the gowan-spangled lea,
 I see each purple heather hill, —
 The haunts of birds and honey-bee ;
 I loved them once, I love them still.

I see my much loved Deveron flow,
 Its peaceful current onward pour
 To mingle with the flood below,
 And join the ocean's ceaseless roar.

I hear the gaudy peacock scream,
 Round Duff House pleasant grove ;
 And cushats in their leafy screen,
 In cooing notes, proclaim their love.

And Skinner's ancient wood of fir, —
 The "Whinhill's" golden broom I see ;
 From there I've heard the partridge whirr
 In safety-flights to Tippetty.

The laverock soaring in the sky ;
 The mavis singing in the grove ;
 The blackbird's ringing melody
 All speak of universal love.

There's happy life in bush and brake,
 The sunny earth is full of joy,
 And now long buried memories wake ;
 I feel I am again a boy.

Sweet Hill o' Doon, thy whin-clad braes
 Are dearer to my heart and eyes
 Than where the rich Savannahs raise
 Broad palm leaves to the tropic skies.

Where Mississippi's currents rolled,
 Where vast Niagara's torrents roar ;
 No scene my eyes did e'er behold
 Like those by Deveron's flow'r-deck'd shore.

But where are all my playmates gone ?
 Not one among the busy throng
 Whose voices joined, and bright eyes shone
 In childhood's joyous mirth and song.

Whose footsteps with mine own have trod
 O'er many a bank and flowery lea,
 Awakening from their dark abode
 The butterfly and honey-bee.

Now to my call they come no more !
 In vain I cry across the wave !
 Alas ! no hand unlocks the door
 That bars the portals of the grave.

Backward I look ; how like a dream
 The vanished past to me appears,
 How swiftly Time's insidious stream
 Has rolled o'er seven-and-twenty years !

And joy and grief have both been mine,
 Of toil and care I've born my load ;
 Yet o'er my path warm sunbeams shine,
 Bright with the blessings of our God.

Oh ! would that she were with me here,
 The partner of my life and joy ;
 For all these scenes she loves as dear
 As doth her own loved Scottish boy.

Farewell, farewell ! land of my birth,
 I soon shall breathe my last adieu ;
 Yon sun shall cease to cheer the earth
 Ere I forget to think of you.

With faith, still strong and deep, in Him
 Who watches e'en the sparrow's fall,
 I'll face the future dark and dim,
 And trust the Hand that cares for all

RECOLLECTIONS OF BANFF,

MY NATIVE TOWN.

DAYS of langsyne, whose memories shine.
 And brighten every coming day,
 As by-gone scenes before me gleam,
 With cheerful, hopeful, magic ray.

To them I cling, while still I sing
 A heart-felt and old-fashioned tune
 To Deveron's stream, that flows between
 The town of Banff and Hill o' Doon.

Far up its breast, beyond the crest,
 In summer days I've often strayed
 To groves of pine, where seldom shine
 The sunbeams in the tangled shade.
 When spring is seen in loveliest green,
 Fresh spreading o'er the yellow broom,
 And summer's breeze comes o'er the seas,
 I've clambered up the Hill o' Doon.

On Deveron's banks, with joyous pranks,
 I've gamboled many a summer hour ;
 Or, o'er the tide I'd swiftly glide
 With lusty arms of youthful power.
 My foot invades the Autumn woods,
 Where ripening berries tempting hung ;
 And echoes sail from hill and vale
 In answer to my merry tongue.

The green-clad bower, where hides the fawn,
 Beside yon castle's lordly view,
 There 'mid the flowers in sportive hours
 I've bathed my face in morning dew ;
 Or 'mid the hills, where flows the rills —
 Down meand'ring through the grassy plain,
 On either side both deep and wide —
 Through ripening fields of waveing grain.

From Deveron's source, till past Duff House,
 The scenes of beauty there displayed ;
 Far, far, excells, all other dells,
 Both north of Tay and south of Clyde,—
 From Isla's bridge past many a ridge,
 The purling river glides along,
 In words sublime the poets rhyme,
 Should sing of it a deathless song.

In wandering turns, had BOBBIE BURNS,
 But left awhile the " Falls o' Clyde,"
 Its beauty fair, could not compare
 With those beheld on Deveron-side,
 On " Habbie's Howe," did Allan grow
 Ecstatic, in his song of praise,
 But there his muse ne'er saw such views
 As those by Deveron's banks and braes !

Its banks of green, with leafy screen,
 That waves in beauty to the breeze,
 While stately towers thro' storms and showers
 The lofty oaks, and ashen trees.
 And perfumes sail o'er hill and dale,
 From hawthorn hedges white with May,
 Round all the bends which Deveron wends,
 From Duff House up to Rothiemay !

A sound, I hear, breaks on my ear,
 Amid the hum of busy life,

And old and young the words have sung
 " Long live the noble EARL OF FIFE, "
 The welkin skies send back the cries,
 The river sings the happy tune ;
 The joyous birds repeat the words
 Along the bonny " Hill o' Doon. "

Dear native hills, sweet mountain rills,
 Bright leaping o'er thy craggy side,
 Through sylvan shade, and grove and glade,
 To join the Deveron's gurgling tide
 I ne'er forget ; thy memories yet,
 Within my bosom fondly lie ;
 E'er from my heart these scenes depart,
 Its dearest links will pine and die.

When I was young, no songs were sung
 That charmed me like the Doric lay ;
 No other land had scenes so grand,
 As those I gazed on every day.
 Now growing old, I'll ne'er behold
 Aught that is dearer to my heart ;
 And Scotia's trills, my bosom fills,
 With joys that never will depart

When often I, half dreaming lie,
 I roam again the hills and field,
 As full of joy, as when a boy,
 To me they all their sweets did yield.

On Fancy's wing, I float and sing,
 Of many a dear remembered face,
 Where Deveron sweeps, by Banff's streets,
 I still can trace their dwelling place.

To Fancy's eyes, these scenes arise,
 While musing here across the sea,
 The smiles and tears, of twice ten years,
 Have passed since I was reft from thee.
 But winter's snow, or summer's glow,
 Shall never wean thee from my love,
 Sweet native town, and Hill o' Doon,
 Till summoned to the scenes above.

Oh, days of yore, no, never more,
 Can I again thy joys recall ;
 The solitudes of Alvah's woods,
 No more will echo to my call.
 Days of the past, my love will last,
 Untill the icy hand of death
 Shall lay me low, but e'er I go,
 I'll bless thee with my latest breath.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DEC. 25, 1868.

IMPROMPTU LINES.

THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT OCCURRED IN
A CHICAGO PRINTING OFFICE — THE PROOF
READERS DESK BEING CHANGED TO MORE
COMFORTABLE AND AGREEABLE QUARTERS.

PAUL, and his fair VIRGINIA 's fled,
With all their pencils blue and red,
With which so many proofs they've read
And smiled on all so cheerily.

The place looks dreary as a hall,
After the banquet and the ball :
When revellers gay have vanished all,
To sleep and snore somniferously.

The summer's heat, the winter's cold —
Discomforts great and manifold,
More than my muse can e'er unfold
With limited vocabulary.

You've now no cause to fret and fume,
At summer's sun, or winter's gloom,
Pouring from skylight's murky flume,
In shine and shade alternately.

The commerce rattling o'er the street —
 The winter's snow, and summer's heat,
 You, from your snug and safe retreat,
 Can smile and view contentedly.

No more upon your listening ear,
 Will break the sound you hate to hear —
 With shocks that cause alarm and fear, —
 The rattling of machinery.

But gentler sounds — the brass rules click—
 The gathering type within the stick,
 And clock, with sad monotonous tick,
 Will fill the hours so drearily.

Excepting when the fiends of sin,
 With press revise comes rushing in,
 With daubs of ink on cheek or chin,
 And smiles of wicked deviltry.

No growling customers shall meet,
 And sware and stamp with angry feet,
 At errors in an O. K. sheet,
 From yours, or their stupidity.

You've moved your pencil and your pen,
 Away from haunts of meddling men —
 Retreat within your cosey den,
 And smile at all complacently.

While pouring o'er your irksome task.
 No more will querrelous strangers ask,
 For "Mills," or "Mack," in friendships mask
 Or impudent authority.

You, while the world on noiseless wings.
 Though time and space both floats and sings :
 At compo.'s scowls and author's slings.
 Sit gazing at them scornfully.

Without, the seasons go and come,
 With cares to all, and joy to some,
 You, in your den smile to the hum
 Of printing's wild machinery.

Ensconsced upon your O. K. throne,
 From which your fiat is made known,
 Making the comp. to swear and groan,
 Disturbing his serenity.

Then will the printer's devil smile,
 At prospect loafing for awhile,
 And all his leisure time beguile,
 In hatching up some deviltry.

The pressman, quietly will swear,
 When overlays prepared with care,
 Are rendered worthless, — past repair,
 By changes multitudinally.

Persist then in your fiendish work,
 While in your den ye safely lurk,
 And with your bloody pencil burk,
 The pressman's skill continually.

* * * * * *

When your revising work is done,
 May, th' Great Revisor say "well done ;"
 And we'll raise an Imposing stone,
 Containing your Obituary.

TO MABEL, BERT, AND CHARLIE.

FROM THEIR OWN SANTA CLAUS.

CHRISTMASS, 1881.

My children dear, another year
 Has brought me to your door ;
 My heavy pack upon my back,
 Makes my old bones feel sore.
 But yet I try as on I fly,
 O'er city, plain, and hill,
 To make a call at hut and hall
 And all the stockings fill.

For girls I bring a golden ring.
 To deck their fingers white ;
 But for the boys, I bring them toys
 That fill them with delight.
 But old folks, they are not so gay;
 More useful things they choose ;
 And something warm the parents charm.
 Like dress, and gloves, and shoes.

A box of paints, to color saints,
 And beasts, and birds, and trees, —
 Smear finger tips, and nose, and lips.
 And flowers, and fruit, and trees.
 And story books, of fays, and spooks,
 Which charms to childhood brings
 Of days of old, when poets told
 Of goblins, ghosts, and kings.

Here's sweet perfume, to fill your room,
 And sprinkle Sunday clothes;
 And 'kerchiefs white, with border bright
 To wipe your little nose.
 A book for scraps, in which perhaps,
 Other riches may be found, —
 The poets face its page may grace,
 And scenes of fairy haunted ground.

With my regards, here 's Christmas cards,
 Would charm the Fairy Queen,
 Nor can there be, on land and sea
 More lovely pictures seen.

Before I close, a suit of clothes
 I will for Bert, and Charlie, leave,
 But bear in mind let me ne'er find,
 A speck on leg, or slieve.

A box of tools for silly fool,
 Their little brains may please ;
 But better far of papa's drawer,
 He gives to you the keys.
 This ring would make an angel sing,
 Set with a garnet bright ;
 A chain so rare a queen might wear
 With Cameo, pink and white.

Here's books so grand of many a land,
 Beyond the deep blue sea,
 That wonders tell of what befell
 Our ancient ancestry.
 Oh look ! oh look ! another book,
 Of insects, beasts, and birds,
 " In Fur and Feather, "— some in neither, —
 In pictures, and in words.

And candies fine, whose colors shine
 With rainbow tinted hues ;
 Decalcamanie pictures many,
 From which to pick and choose.
 My steeds they neigh, I must away —
 " Prancer " and " Vixen, " call ;
 Next Christmas morn I may return,
 With splendid gifts for all.

A FAIRY STORY.

FOR MABEL, BERT, AND CHARLIE.

LONG, long ago, as legends say,
 It happened what I'm going to tell.
 Upon a wild and stormy day
 When sleet and snow together fell.

'Twas in broad bonny Scotland's isle.
 More than a hundred years ago :
 Two travellers many a long Scotch mile
 Had plodded weary through the snow.

Nor hut, nor hall did greet their sight —
 The winter's day was near its close, —
 The long, dark, dismal, stormy night,
 Might bury them beneath its snows.

When faint with hunger and with cold,
 A friendly beacon light appeared,
 Which made their fainting hearts grow bold,
 And their desponding spirits cheered.

One was a countryman, rough bred,
 Clad in a homespun suit of gray, —
 Kilmarnock bonnet on his head,
 Crowned with a scarlet top-knot gay.

The other, he was sad, careworn,
 Dejected looking, mean and thin ;
 In poverty begot and born,
 And reared and schooled in sin.

The first was named bold warlock Will,
 He feared not either ghost or deil ;
 An oaken club, — an iron will,
 And nerves like bands of tempered steel.

The other, was named cowardly Tam,
 At every bush and stump afraid ;
 He never fought, he always ran
 When danger's signal was displayed.

As they the dwelling place draw near,
 Whose friendly light did guide their feet,
 A castle's stately walls appear,
 In somber blackness through the sleet.

But there was light and warmth within,
 And oaken shutters locked and barred
 Kept out the wild and stormy din,
 While elements in fury warred.

They asked the porter of the lodge,
 For food and shelter for the night ;
 At morn they 'd on their journey trudge,
 As soon as dawned the morning light.

The porter said : " The noble lord
 Who owns this castle and domain,
 Is cruel and stern, and his sword
 Has many a weary traveller slain. "

Then fearless Will, he boldly said : —
 " Give me a room, and fire and bed,
 Of nought within I'll be afraid,
 Whither it be alive or dead. "

The porter led the travellers twain,
 To where the towering castle stood ;
 And to his master did explain,
 The wanderers wish for rest and food.

Lord Hardheart to the strangers said ;—
 " If you'll sleep in the haunted room,
 I'll give you plenty wine and bread,
 And fire and light to cheer the gloom. "

" All right, " said Will, " bring on your ghost,
 And then bring in your bread and wine ;
 I'll pledge my honor in a toast,
 Within your haunted room I'll dine ! "

Then trembling Tam, and fearless Will,
 Mount the broad, dark, and dismal stairs ;
 And through long corridors that fill
 Poor trembling Tam with sad despair.

Far, in the castle's northeast wing, —
 Of life, they see no sight nor sound,
 Except the ugly creeping things,
 Whose cobwebs festooned all around.

Poor trembling Tam, he shivering shook
 With haunting fear and wild despair,
 While fearless Will his cudgel took,
 And laid it handy by his chair.

Now Butler bring your bread and wine
 And tell your ghosts and goblins all,
 That fearless Will to-night will dine,
 Within lord Hardheart's haunted hall.

Will, quaffed a bumper of old wine,
 Which tinkled downward to his toes ;
 And made his dark blue eyes to shine,
 With fun or fight, for friends or foes.

So free from fear, was this brave man,
 For ghosts, he did not care a fig ;
 With "Auld Nick," he a race has ran —
 With witches, often danced a jig.

The water-kelpies he has caught,
 The brownies oft his steps attend,
 The mermaids by the sea he's caught,
 And fairies were his best of friends.

Lord Hardheart's castle turrets rose,
 Within a lovely Scottish dell,
 Through which the Knock hill burnie flows ;
 And 'mid its banks the fairies dwell.

Oft when a boy on Summer eves,
 I've seen the wee folks at their play
 Of "tag" among the blue-bell leaves,
 Dressed in their coats of colors gay.

But when the Winter's frosty blast,
 Moans through the bare and leafless trees
 They, in their rocky caverns, fast,
 Doze the long winter hours in ease.

Twelve leagues beyond the castle's wall,
 Uprose the heathry, round Knock hill ;
 O'er whose rough breast the waters fall,
 That turns the miller's ancient mill.

Down by the castle's western side —
 Its headlong fury dashes free
 A mile or more, until its tide,
 Meets melting in the deep blue sea.

The haunted room we'll now survey ;
 How fared our weary travellers there ?
 Tam, 'neath the bed-clothes hid away,
 And Will, sat smoking in his chair.

Will eat his bread, and drank his wine,
 And toasted warm his snow-chilled feet ;
 While firelight shadows dance and gleam
 In nooks where gloom and darkness meet.

Will doused his light, got into bed,
 And settled for a long night's snooze ;—
 When such a racket round his head,
 As if ten thousand rats broke loose.

Will jumped from bed, and grasped his stick,
 Ready for any armed foes ;
 To fight his way through thin and thick,
 With many staunch and telling blows !

What was our heroe's great surprise,
 When standing in the dismal room ?
 No living thing did meet his eyes,
 But all was silent as the tomb !

A second time Will went to bed,
 And vengeance vowed, instead of prayers ;
 Whoe'er disturbed his slumbering head
 Would surely sore and sadly fare.

Quiet reigns again, and slumber's hand,
 In rest their weary eyelids steep ;
 When three small fairies take their stand,
 And mischief hatch when they're asleep.

When heather blooms on every hill,
 And golden broom decks banks and braes ;
 And rattling runs the rippling rill,
 Then fairies keep their holidays.

And often when a roving boy,
 Amid the brooklet's leafy screen,
 The fairies in their sportive joys
 In sun and shade are playing seen.

When I was but a little lad,
 The fairies teased me many a night ;
 Would change my shoes from good to bad ;
 And oftentimes from left to right.

They've often stole a mother's child,
 Of healthy form and smiling face ;
 And left a pukeling, weird and wild, —
 The changling of an unca race.

After the harvest's bounteous yeild,
 Of teeming stores of corn and hay ;
 I've crossed seven rigs of stubble field,
 To hear the fairy music play.

In wandering, wildwoods far and near,
 I've many a hungry hillock crossed ; —
 Enchanted ground, — with more to fear
 Than goblins black, or misty ghosts.

A female fairy first we see,
 Who ruled it o'er the other two ;
 Fat, fair, and wild, and strong was she,
 And two small eyes of bonny blue.

This fairy, Lebam, was a quean,
 For boldness and to make a noise ;
 Her legs and heels were often seen,
 Where should be seen her head and nose.

The next a boy, Tierieb, by name,
 A shy and rougish fellow too ;
 Was skilled in every mischief game,
 That fairy folks delight to do.

He had two large and round blue eyes,
 That shone with frolic, mirth, and fun ;
 I 've often heard his joyous cries,
 On lovely nights when moonbeams shone.

The third he was a cunning rogue,
 His two gray eyes with fun ran o'er ;
 And when he 'd nothing else in vogue,
 He 'd roll on fairy mother's floor.

And birds, and beasts, he loved them all, —
 The poor dumb creatures he 'd attend ;
 And when misfortune did befall,
 In him they all would find a friend,

More boisterous or mischievous elves,
 Ne'er came from fairy kingdom bowers,
 To torment mortals like ourselves,
 On evenings in our leisure hours.

The travellers now are fast asleep ;
 The fairies by the bedside stand,
 And many a pinch, both sharp and deep,
 Lebam, gave Tam's uncovered hand.

With feather from a rooster's tail,
 Sly Tierieb tickled Will's red nose,
 Then caught a mouse, cut off its tail,
 And put it underneath the clothes.

Among the traveller's legs it ran,
 And then crept up our hero's back :
 Will, thought the scratching, Tam began,
 And with his foot gave him a whack !

That sent him sprawling on the floor, —
 Flopping and floundering in the dark :
 The fairies then, in mischief tore
 Clean off the hind tail of his sark !

Poor Tammy now, half dead with fears,
 And trembling in the dark and cold,
 Grops back to bed and disappears,
 Heels over head in blankets rolled.

As Will was slumbering loud and deep,
 The fairies round his head appeared,
 And found the tailless mouse asleep
 In Will's brown, big and bushy beard.

Tiereb, and Harlic took a string,*
 And tied secure our hero's toes ;
 With feather from a gray goose wing,
 They tickled his red jolly nose.

One plagued him on his legs and feet —
 One stripped him of the bedclothes bare,—
 One pinched his lips, his chin, his cheek,
 And thistle burrs mixed in his hair.

Sleep could not torments long endure ;
 He woke, and heard the fairies laugh !
 Then, with a bound sprang on the floor,
 And grasped his big, thick, oaken staff.

While dire confusion reigned around —
 The very chamber lights burned blue ;
 The air was full of dismal sound
 Of some strange supernatural crew.

The witches and the wicked fays,
 Thwart man and fairies best intent ;
 And many a cruel trick they play,
 On those on mercy's mission bent.

The fairies now are playing ball ;
 Two big, against the little one ,
 Brave Will said, "that's not fair at all,
 So I'll help you, my little man."

But Harlic, he was cute and sly,
 And every time he caught the ball ;
 While Will, amazed, stood wondering by,
 To see a chap so smart and small.

Now Will, he slyly watched his chance,
 Whene'er the ball his corner neared ;
 When with one blow he made it dance,
 Then ball and fairies disappeared.

Will stood amazed, his friends were gone !
 The room was silent as the dead ;
 And he was standing all alone,
 While Tam lay trembling in his bed.

Just then a feeble light appeared,
 That twinkled faintly in the dark ;
 To where he stood it slowly neared,
 And bright, and brighter grew the spark ;

'Till all at once, before him stood,
 The loveliest creature e'er was seen ;
 When her bright fairy form he viewed,
 He knew it was the Fairy Queen.

"Hark !" said the Queen, " mark what I say
 You shall the wronged, their rights restore ;
 The lord whom hundreds here obey,
 Is robber, thief, usurper, — more !

He is a wicked fratricide,
 Who took his brother's life away ;
 Usurped his castle and his bride,
 Just fifty years ago to-day.

He has no Title Deed to show,
 To hold this castle, lands, and all.
 The fairies saved it long ago,
 And hid it in yon leather ball.

'T is fifty years since we began
 To nightly play with that same ball,
 In hope some brave and honest man
 Would stay within the haunted hall.

Now since your courage has been tried,
 Your honesty we know full well ;
 To-morrow morning you shall ride
 Beyond the Knock hill, to a dell

Where lives the son of him was slain,
 To him you shall the deed restore,
 And bring him to his own again,
 His heirs shall leave it nevermore."

With magic wand the Fairy Queen,
 Rapped one, two, three, upon the wall,
 When lo ! a secret opening's seen,
 And inside lies the magic ball.

Its skin the Fairy Queen undid,
 The wondrous contents to reveal ;
 For there the Title Deed was hid
 Bearing King Robert's royal seal.

" The Bruce gave all these hills and woods,
 Where'er this river's wanderings turn ;
 To his great sire, who nobly stood,
 And fought for him at Bannockburn. "

The fairy vanished as she spake, —
 The cocks loud in the barnyard crowed ;
 And ere the castle was awake,
 Our hero ten Scotch miles had rode.

And ten miles more he reached the cot,
 Where dwelt the castle's rightful lord ;
 His story told, and how he got
 The long lost title deed restored.

The tale such wonder did afford,
 He'd scarce believe his eyes or ears ;
 That he had now become a lord,
 After a life of fifty years.

But still the cotter answering said :
 " Pray do not with my feelings sport,
 With some wild witches masquerade,
 Or idle fairies false report. „

" It is no wicked witche's scheme, —
 It is no idle fairie's plot,
 It is no ghost or goblin's dream,
 Your long lost Title Deed I 've got.

Yet more than this I have to tell, —
 Your noble father, that was slain !
 Yes, by a brother's hand he fell,
 Who stole his castle and domain ! "

The Highland blood within his veins,
 Tinges his rich and ruddy cheeks ;
 And vengeance for his father slain,
 He 'll have to-night, before he sleeps.

He buckles on his good claymore,
 Ne'er drawn in an unholy cause ; —
 For Charlie, on Colloden moor,
 It fought for Scotland's king and laws:

Cumberland, and Marmion in their pride,
 Fought for the German upstart there :
 While Highland blood the heather dyed,
 For Scotland and Prince Charlie fair.

Go, raise the Grants of old Strathspey !
 Hard-hearted thief, Lord Ogilvie, shall die.
 "Stand fast Cragallachie !" to-day,
 Shall be my slogan and war-cry. "

The beacons blaze on Knockhill's crown,—
 And mustering clansmen come again,
 To strike the bold usurper down,—
 The fratricide accursed like Cain.

Now, the victorious Grants advance,
 To Boyndie's old romantic stream,
 While glittering plume and broadsword glance,
 In Christmas sun's departing beam.

They met near Boyndie's wandering burn,
 The murderer, and the victim's son ;
 They fight with courage, native-born,
 'Till right o'er might the victory won.

Busy had been our fairy friends,
 The haunted hall 's a fairy scene ;
 From black-oak rafters now suspend,
 Gay mistletoe, and holly green.

Old oaken rafters wore a dress,
 Of ivy-leaves of darkest green ;
 And up amid their dark recess,
 Are merry, sportive fairies seen.

At first naught met our traveller's gaze,
But cob-web festons round the room ;
From fairy hands transformed arise,
A bower of fragrant bud and bloom.

Now all are gathered in the hall,
To spend the merry Christmas night ;
Family, retainers, friends, and all,
I trow, it was a goodly sight.

The wee folks mid the leaves are seen,
Sporting in all their fairy pranks ;—
Our new lord to the Fairy Queen,
Returns his warmest heartfelt thanks.

And mirth and song the night prolong,
While skirling bagpipes joyous play ;
Now let the burden of our song,
Wish all a Merry Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

In days of old, as we are told,
 There lived a good old saint ;
 To every land, with liberal hand,
 He choicest blessings sent.

CHORUS.

Then let us sing, to our jolly king,
 Though he comes but once a year ;
 His sleigh-bells ring, we know will bring,
 To all good Christmas cheer.

Though his beard is white, he brings delight,
 When he comes with the winter's cold ;
 The gifts he bring, make the welkin ring,
 With the voice of young and old.

CHORUS. — Then let us sing.

Let your stockings show, in a goodly row,
 By the hearthstone warm and bright ;
 When your asleep, Santa Claus will creep,
 And fill them with delight.

CHORUS. — Then let us sing,

Long may he live, to freely give,
 Of his bounties unto all ;
 By old and young, are his praises sung,
 In cottage and in hall.

CHORUS. — Then let us sing,

FREE THOUGHTS.

You ask me, where I got such wild
Poetic fancies ? 'T was long ago,
When I was but a careless child,
Life came and went in tranquil flow.

On Deveron's daisied banks I played,
While time and stream together flowed ;
Daily my wondering eyes surveyed,
The charms the changing season showed.

The modest gowan that bends its head,
When dew-drops fill its golden bowl ;
On draughts like these my fancy fed,
And nursed the poetry in my soul,

Our linnet and our native thrush,
Amid our bowers and broomy braes,
At evening's glow and morning's blush,
Have charmed me with their roundelays.

The laverock singing in the sky,
Above the fields of clover-bloom ;
While I mid purple blossoms lie,
Enraptured with their matchless tune.

The golden broom on moors and hills,
 Sent fancy far to other lands,
 Where palm trees grow and sparkling rills,
 Rolled seaward over golden sands.

My boyhood's ear drank in the tales
 Of foray, feud, and border raid ;
 Where might did oft o'er right prevail,
 By stronger arm, or keener blade.

The grand-dame by the winter fire,
 Would from her vast and marvellous store,
 Tell how her sire, and great-grand-sire,
 Fought in the bygone days of yore.

Or, it might be some wild, weird tale,
 Which over all a glamour cast ;
 Of horror-haunted warlock vale, —
 The abode of some perturbed ghost.

Or wicked witch, or misty wraith,
 Might be the theme of song or story ;
 While fancy drank with bated breath,
 The eildreth tale, time-stained and gory.

My childhood's eager listening ears
 Heard the old tales of Halloween ;
 How wee-folk dancing then appear,
 On rig or lea or meadows green.

I've often wished a ghost to see,
 Of some dear dead departed friend,
 Come back to tell me of eternity,
 Whither is joy or pain the end ?

But all was silent as the grave, —
 And all was viewless as the wind,
 From off that shoreless sea, no wave
 Ever brought tidings to my mind.

A double life I lived even then,
 Of faith and infidelities,
 The past and present would not blend,
 With Calvinistic mysteries.

Man's but a waif on tide of time,
 Whose feet the *ignis fatuis* attend ;
 Luring us to the fabled mine
 We're told is buried at the rainbow's end.

Old ocean breaking on our northern shore,
 Brought tales of strange and distant lands :
 In boyish fancy-flights I'd soar,
 And join some dark gregarious band.

'Twas then imagination all was tinged
 With bible tales and bible lore ;
 A cedar in my walks has changed
 The scene to ancient Lebanon of yore.

When wandering by the surf-worn beach,
 Watching the breakers on our northern sea ;
 Fancy has heard the Master preach,
 And still the waves on Gallilee.

In some blind aged mortal I beheld,
 Lazarus begging at the rich man's door :
 I see the modern Dives like those of eild,
 Crush and oppress the toiling poor.

Even when an eager, thinking boy,
 Trembling 'tween fear and superstitions rod ;
 Serving the devil was to me a joy,
 And hating Pope's and Calvin's God.

Even then I was an infidel ;
 Not from sheer wickedness or sin ;
 Nor fear of Calvin's sulphurous hell,
 Where good and bad were tumbled in.

Those marvellous stories of the Jews,
 Of prophets, kings, and wond'rous men,
 For hours I'd sit and earnestly pursue,
 But found no hand of God in them.

Only the monster of the Jewish mind ;
 Cruel, unrelenting, and severe ;
 And only jealously and hate we find.
 And tyranny, revenge, and fear.

As o'er the ancient page I scan,
 When kings ruled with an iron rod,
 When every crime conceived of man,
 Was done to please a Hebrew god.

Again, again, I questioned much,
 Of a material burning bush ;
 And ground no sandalled feet could touch,
 Nor earthly tongue dare break the hush.

I saw the earth was good and fair :
 I saw no taint of primal sin ;
 Then why should I be called to share,
 The punishment for other's sin ?

A praying and church-going race,
 Are not the salt, or saints of earth ;
 Who once a week show solemn face,
 And susperations of forced breath.

O, save your breath to cool your broth,
 Nor waste it upon idle prayers ;
 'T is worthless as the ocean's froth,
 By wind and tide blown unawares.

A Scottish Sabbath — day of gloom —
 To happy hearts so full of glee
 And shadowed by that awful doom
 "An angry God's prepared for me."

'T was don't do that ! and don't do this ! —
 Remember 't is the Sabbath day !
 Even breathing seemed to be amiss, —
 And every act was devil's play.

Don't wonder I a rebel grew,
 'Gainst church and state and customs old
 Sunday professions in the pew,
 Did not with weekly practise hold.

I'm glad I live these later days,
 When freedom's pioneers of the mind,
 Have broken superstition's sway,
 That once did brain and actions bind.

Now popes and priests have lost their power,
 And rites, and rituals, and creeds,
 Are dead as last year's summer flower
 For man, or nation's want, or need.

A RHYMING LETTER TO A. M.

IN every age, in every phrase,
 Have poets sung in friendship's praise,
 Then why not I, in heartfelt lays
 My heartstrings tune
 In homespun verse, these modern days,
 And rosy hours of June ?

My gentle, kind, though distant friend,
 I think, a week or more ago,
 I got the letter you did send,
 Which set my old heart in a glow.

I 'm but a hair-brained clown at best,
 Small things disturb my tranquil way ;
 But when such letters are addressed
 To me, they oft inspire my lay.

But now begins poetic battle,
 I mount my steed to face the hill :
 I fain would try Pegassus' mettle,
 Up steep Parnassus 'gainst her will.

Drunk Tam O' Shanter, on his mare,
 Wi' Alloway's witches close behind,
 Was safer far, I'll even sware,
 Than I, with my distracted mind.

But now, I'm on her back and seated,
 A sonsie sonnet you can reckon ;
 My only greenback, I will bet it,
 Or, loose my cash, and save my bacon.

Though but a rustic vain beginner,
 There may be something in my muse :
 A careless, fearless, scribbling sinner,
 Her powers I know I oft abuse.

Friendship alone my theme shall be,
 I'll preach its cause until life's end ;
 And round your hearth I'll pray that he
 May ever be a constant friend.

Hail then ! thou muse inspiring maid,
 Who nursed the flame in Damon's breast,
 And in brave Pythias displayed,
 True friendship's sacred, noblest test.

The friendship true, of man to man,
 Should sparkle in life's daily hymn :
 As was king David's love for Jonathan,
 Was faithful Jonathan's to him.

Down all the ages of the past,
 Where friendship's fairest jewels shine,
 Poor Peggoty's shines like the best,
 For weak, lost, wandering Emeline.

The farmer eyes with greedy gain,
 Uncounted gold upon his field ;
 But worldly riches I 'd disdain,
 If friendship's tree will fruitage yield.

The heedless fortune-hunting race,
 In schemes, and plots, and bargains fail ;
 What sterling pleasures they displace
 And dear bought joyments wail.

They sleep and eat, and sleep again,
 And grunt and groan at unkind fate,
 Still conjuring up imagined pain,
 And God, and man, and nature hate.

Not so, your blithsome rhyming lover,
 His poet's heavenly eye can see
 All nature's face, and there discover,
 Platonic friendship's minstrelsy.

For at the bright meridian hour,
 When rose-crowned, jolly June is here,
 Decking the vale with many a flower, —
 Weaving the chaplet of the year.

Your poet to some ghost-haunted glen,
 Will wandering muse at midnight time,
 And live his childhood o'er again,
 When first he pu'd the gowans fine.

Or, by the river's gurgling tide,
 That wanders murmuring to the sea,
 You may behold your poet glide,
 With nymphs-inspiring songs to thee.

With dreamy thoughts, above all care,
 I pause, and pore, and pondering gaze,
 On nature's breathless bosom bare,
 'Till dazzaled by her glorious rays !

Then backward over memory's chain,
 When first I saw fair friendship glow ;
 That priceless gem, — I ne'er again
 Such consecrated thoughts can know.

Oh still ! my fancy's dreams be still, —
 Vain fantasies of idle brains,
 Fate, time, nor luck, doth e'er fulfill,
 Those idle, gaudy limned domains.

But, as I eye each sacred spot,
 That 's fraught with joy, or grief, or care ;
 The heart will throb, but who can plot
 To lay those bosom secrets bare ?

Had this hard weary-working world,
 But left me time to dream and muse ;
 Pregnant poetic thoughts I'd hurled
 Against each modern vain abuse.

Enough, enough, sweet be thy dreams,
 And leal and loving be his heart,
 Who wooed you in your happy teens,
 And now is of your life a part.

But when that happy day shall come,
 That fortune brings me to your town ;
 Depend upon it, in your home
 The dead past in our cups we'll drown.

Next time my muse shall take a flight,
 O'er hill, and dale, and teeming plain ;
 Perhaps, some witching moonlight night,
 You'll hear me at your window pane.

Farewell, I now must take my breath,
 No more my jaded nag I'll tire,
 For fear the king of Terrors — Death, —
 May seize us both, I'll now retire.

When I again shall mount Parnassus,
 To take a birds-eye view of things ;
 And woo the nine immortal lasses
 That dwell by Heliconion, springs

I'll let you know, so now good-bye ;
 Pray, scan my faults with friendly gaze ;
 My rhymes are thread-bare, dull, and dry,
 But friends can freely blame or praise.

SPRING. — 1882.

SPRING's balmy breathings waken life anew,
 Kisses the sea, and moves in every wind ;
 The sun has warmer glow, the sky more blue,
 And mountains' rills their torturous chan-
 nels find.

The gray dawn breaks with song of singing
 birds, —
 From new-ploughed fields comes cry of
 hungry crows, —
 Each shrub and tree with new-born life is
 stirred,
 And happy life through nature's kingdom
 flows.

Spring's nurslings, star-eyed white anemones,
 I view delighted as I onward pass ;
 The tender, blue-eyed violets seem to me,
 Spring's early footprints on the verdant
 grass.

Box-elder trees are dressed in feathery green,
 And pussy-willow's downy, white plumes
 sprout ;
 From sun to shade in gurgling mountain
 stream
 . Flashes and darts the lusty speckled trout.

Returning swallows skim the shore and sea,—
 And twitter round the barnyard's sheltered
 side ;
 From marshy fens sound bull-frog's reveille,—
 And whistling pipers flutter o'er the tide.

While from my chamber window I can hear,
 The linnet's plaintive notes at early dawn ;
 And lusty robins pipe their bold songs clear,
 From tallest tree upon the village lawn.

Within the barnyard waits the patient ox, —
 Obedient for the yoke his neck he bends :
 Bold chanticleer leads forth his feathery flocks,
 And to each farm defiant challenge sends.

By woods or ocean I would fain abide
 With nature, than where sculptured saints
 display
 Their labored lines, 'mid pillared aisles of
 pride,
 Whose painted windows mock the inpris-
 oned day.

The glassy sea on whose transparent breast,
 Sunshine, and cloud, and star, reflected
 show ;
 The purling rill whose banks with flowers are
 dressed,
 All speak a mystery which we do not know.

The moving essence fills the breathing earth,
 The land, and sea, and moves in every wind,
 On Spring's first kiss, and Winter's touch of
 death,
 In summer's balm, and Autumn's frosty rind.

At touch of Spring the butter-cups unfold,—
 The lilac bushes Summer perfume shed,—
 The dandelion shows its face of gold,
 And ash and elm tree purple tassels spread.

Each lovely flower rearing its modest head—
 Each dew-drop sparkling in the morning
 sun ; —
 The leaping fount rushing o'er stoney bed,
 All tell the joyous spring-time has begun.

The sun's warm rays now kiss the smiling
 ground, —
 Fair flowers their fragrant offerings send
 above ;
 On every hand I hear the joyful sound,
 And join the chant of universal love.

Let me with fragrance of the flowers arise,
 Where cloudland splendors glow above
 my head ;
 And I with sun and stream and woods rejoice
 At nature's resurrection from the dead.

A PRIZE POEM.

WHICH DID NOT GET THE FIRST PRIZE.

ADVOCATING THE USE OF NATIVE WINE AS
A HEALTHFUL, AND REFRESHING BEVERAGE.

WHEN earth from 'neath the raging flood
Beheld the promised rainbow shine,
God saw the land was fair and good
And to the patriarch gave the vine.

And ordered him to reap and sow,
And plant his vineyards far and wide ;
That earth with Eden's joys might glow
With vines on every mountain side.

I sing the praise of native wine,
Could all our land its blessings share.
Then peace and plenty would combine,
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Prohibit every foreign fraud, —
Throw all their poisons to the dogs !
Make all Columbia's households glad,
By banishing their worthless drugs !

Back in the happy halcyon days,
 Among the sun-kissed isles of Greece,
 The vine encircling all her bays,
 Brought health, and happiness, and peace.

Men knew not then of tricks in trade —
 Diana's temple was divine ;
 Valor, and virtue — youth and maid,
 Quaffed the rich cup of Scio's wine.

Euripides, and Homer sang,
 And Euclid drew his mystic line,
 Demosthenes orations rang —
 Inspired with draughts of Samian wine.

The brave bold Roman in his pride,
 Made all his sunny slopes produce
 The luscious grapes, whose golden tide
 Made Montebenie's* sunshine juice.

Where Hammondport's fair hamlets rest —
 Where clear Tioga's waters flow, —
 Where Pleasant Valley's vineyards dressed
 Drink the warm sunshine's genial glow,

And send the sparkling juices through,
 From root to farthert reaching vine,
 Filling the purple fruit that you
 May drink health-giving native wine ;

* "Sunshine of Montebenie," a wine referred to in Hawthorne's
 "Marble Faun."

There the first rays of early spring,
 Start all the vineyard's purple buds ;
 There, the first summer warblers sing
 Amid her vales and leafy woods.

No richer land, no fairer skies
 Can match Columbia's favored shore —
 On earth no richer mountains rise,
 No valleys yield more bounteous store !

With soil more rich, and skies as fair,
 As Italy, or France, or Spain ;
 The sun of freedom warms our air,
 And fills our barns with fruit and grain.

A Saxon Baron earned this land,
 And gave his gold to aid our cause ;
 And Yorktown saw,— with skill he planned
 To gain our liberties and laws.

And when the glad white wings of peace,
 Brought respite from the cruel wars,
 He found the wished-for long surcease,
 Beneath Columbia's stripes and stars.

And like the Patriarch of old,
 Our good brave Baron set the vine,
 And to his neighbours did unfold
 The virtues of the native wine.

Our native wine ! we sing thy praise,
 So rich, abundant, healthy, pure ;
 No other land such fruits can raise —
 Perfection find we at our door !

Did lovers of the juice e'er think,
 What vile decoctions Europe sends,
 As beverage for them to drink,
 For which they countless thousands spend?

They'd banish fiery fighting stuff,
 And all brain-clogging bitter beer ;
 For our fair land can yield enough
 Of native wines, that bless and cheer.

Not all the vintages of Spain,
 Where Xeres' golden juices shine,
 Nor France's sunny, broad champaign,
 Can match our Pleasant Valley wine.

And as the blessed dew-drops small,
 Feed vines and woods and sparkling rills,
 They beautify where'er they fall,
 On valley, plain, and vine-clad hills.

And sun, and rain, and kindly skies,
 On vineyards tilled by labor free,
 Produce the nectars that arise
 From native sparkling *eau de vie*.

The wine from Stuben County glows
 With fragrant blushes of the grapes :
 Its aroma the land o'erflows
 From prairies wide to distant capes.

Great Bacchus now is growing old,
 His nymphs and fauns have left his court,
 His kingdom and his throne are sold
 To avarice and idle sport.

His form has lost its bright array, —
 His crown has left his silvery head ;
 His Thyrsus doth Columbia sway, —
 His kingdom all is vanished !

A new-born Bacchus now appears, —
 A nobler and a purer god ;
 His subjects also are his peers,
 And honest trade his magic rod.

Now free Columbia grows the seed,
 So kindly nourished once in France,
 Where poisons vile, and fraud and greed
 Have cursed the land of fair romance.

By chemic art, and science aid,
 Whence blessings, or whence curses come ;
 An artificial brandy's made
 From fiery, strong, New England Rum.

French Brandy ! now you make me smile !

Look of what compounds it is made : —

Acetic Ether — bitter almond oil —

Tannin and tamarind, decayed ;

Etherial oil, rosemary, and rue,

And bitter elder-flower beside —

With puck'ring cherry juice, they brew,

And send their hell-broth o'er the tide.

Their Sherry wines, and ruby Port,

Are made of drugs of various hue —

Essence of lemon, — salts of every sort —

Creosote, Caustic, and Catechu !

Three dollars neat, — imperial quart,

For Madam Clicquot's French Champagne;

A price which makes the purse-strings start,

And gives your head a genuine pain.

And Old Angelica, which each

Fair youth and damsel fondly knows,

Is made of Alcohol, and oil of peach,

With Prussic Acid's fatal dose !

A wine as healthy, cheap and pure,

No other land did e'er produce ;

At half the cost you can procure

Native unadulterated juice !

By native ingenuity we dress
 Our purple and our golden fruit ;
 No feet of slaves our grapes can press,
 Nor impious hands their blush pollute.

Inventive genius — native skill,
 Construct machinery that supply
 The native wine, pure as a mountain rill,
 Free from the frauds of foreign dye.

The cost to the consumers purse,
 Is half, imported stuff commands ;
 Ours brings a blessing — theirs a curse,—
 Then use our pure and native brands.

It warms the blood in wintry days,
 It cools the fevered brow of pain ;
 Old age rejoicing sings its praise,
 And childhood shouts its glad refrain.

The sturdy limbs of youth grow strong —
 On maiden cheeks health blushes mount ;
 The matron's voice grows rich in song,
 Babes grow as if 't were nature's fount !

The Dry Catawba, sweet and mild,
 Will please the Miss or Matron fair ;
 The graybeard and the prattling child
 May drink refreshed, Dry Delaware.

Let Claret grace the ample board,
 And cool refreshing gifts bestow ;
 It's ruby juices will afford
 Relief from summer's scorching glow.

In native Sherry all that lives
 Can find both health and happiness ;
 It strengthens her whose bosom gives
 The fount of life, and love's caress.

Sweet Isabella, for the bride,
 Communion Wine, for holy priest,
 In rich abundance, we provide,
 As Christ at Cana's wedding feast.

The sick, upon a bed of pain,
 No longer need in suffering pine ;
 Our Pure Juice Port, will health regain,
 Or, try the Old Diana Wine.

To him who bears the mystic badge,
 Of Malta, or Jerusalem,
 In Golden Seal again can pledge
 The memory of the Prince of men.

Students, whom weary lessons fret,
 Or, who on sleepless pillows toss
 Can peace and inspiration get
 From Steuben's Sparkling Silver Cross.

Where the great merchants of the west,
 In marts of trade his business plies ;
 Needs the refreshment, peace, and rest,
 Which great Dry Western Wine supplies.

The banker and the broker twain,
 Whose coffers hold the nation's wealth,
 In Extra Dry Gold Cross can gain
 Long life, and happiness, and health.

Their use will hasten temperance reign,
 More quick than preaching, prayer, or laws,
 Or all the bigots born in Maine
 Proclaiming Prohibition's cause.

The temperance cause can only grow
 Obedient to a peoples' will,
 And legislations only throw
 Strange obstacles to cure the ill.

My muse would fain a nation teach,
 In temperance, highest, happiest, ways,
 In meat and drink, in song and speech,
 In dress, in preaching, and in praise.

When whiskey frauds their trade shall cease,
 Then all our land shall happy be ;
 Beneath the arch of perfect peace,
 Quaffing their native *Ean de aie*.

My song is done, but not my theme,
 Which boundless is, as is the sea ;
 As wide, as space, or heaven may seem,
 And endless as eternity.

In million ages yet to be,
 More wondrous beauties yet may shine,
 Ages, no purer wine shall see
 Than Steuben County's native wine.

Bring in the day so long delayed,
 When happy households all can join,
 Beneath their vine and fig trees' shade,
 Quaffing their cups of NATIVE WINE !

AT BEACHMONT.

NEAR two score years of life have passed,
 Since I, in childhood's happy glee,
 The golden hours light-hearted chased
 Along the rock-bound Northern sea.

Since then, Fortune, the flighty jade,
 Has tossed me inland far and wide,
 Where cities, towns, and trade invade
 Primeval woods, and prairies wide.

And through their trackless paths I've roamed,
 From where snow-crowned Sierras rise;
 Past great Niagara thunder-toned,
 To where the sea-washed villa lies.

And now, at last my anchor's cast,
 On Beachmont hill, with seaward views,
 Here, when my daily toil is passed,
 I sit, and read, and smoke, and muse.

And to my toil-worn frame there comes
 A quiet, sweet, health-giving calm ;
 The rippling waves their music hums,
 And shoreward waft their healing balm.

The joys I felt in boyhood's days,
 Again delighted yield their charms,
 Watching the waves in ceaseless play,
 Or breasting them with lusty arms.

Or wandering by the pebbly shore,
 Where wind and waves together sweep ;
 With wife and children, we explore
 The cast up treasures of the deep.

And watch the play of cloud and sky,
 Upon the ocean's summer face,
 Where pleasure's yachts go gliding by,
 Bright things of beauty, art, and grace !

Seaward, Nahant's bold, rocky edge,
 Shelters old leathery scented Lynn ;
 While beacon light on Minot's ledge
 Guide storm-tossed home-bound vessels in.

And oft among the rocks I stray,
 Where ocean's varied flora grows,
 Where tendrils delicate display
 As bush, or fern, or pink, or rose.

So once again, I taste the joys
 That childhood's years vouchsafed to me,
 When I with happy-hearted boys,
 Played by the rock-bound Northern sea.

BEACHMONT, JULY 1, 1882.

MUSINGS AT BEACHMONT.

ON BEACHMONT'S banks I lie at rest
 And gaze across the Atlantic sea,
 Where ships go sailing east and west,
 The nations modern argosy.

Not like the brave Ulysses, they,
 Its unknown trackless waters trace,
 But science points the unerring way,
 And commerce yields her golden fleece.

No amorous syrens, sailors lure
 With fabled gifts, or fabled song ;
 The lighthouse shows the pathway sure
 And safely guides the keel along.

The wandering mariner, who round the world
 His gallant vessel bravely bore,
 Saw not a land, nor flag unfurled,
 So dear as old New England's shore.

No frowning batteries guard our coast,
 But domes of art, and towers of trade,
 And love-built villas where no host
 With impious footsteps dare invade.

Search all New England's shores unrolled
 From south cape Ann, to east cape May ;
 No lovelier scenes can eyes behold
 Than seen at Beachmont's shore-wash'd bay.

Bold, rocky Nahant seaward lies, —
 Southward the beach of Winthrop shines,—
 From sun-scorched town the steamer flies,
 To groves, and beach, and Point of Pines.

Beyond the shores of Marblehead,
 I watch the white sails melt away ;
 And see the home-bound vessels speed
 Past lovely beach of Ocean Spray.

The rock-ribbed shore — the towering cliffs,
 Along the shores of sheltered Lynn,
 Their wave-washed sides unshaken lift
 'Mid ocean's ceaseless roar and din.

Who does not love like me to dwell
 Upon the mysteries of the deep ?
 Its rich diaphanous notes that swell
 To winter's storms, or summer's sleep.

With all these scenes of life around,
 Of sun, and clouds, and ships, and sea,
 I list delighted to the sound
 Of bathers in their harmless glee.

ON LEAVING WILMETTE.

ADIEU, tranquil and blue Lake Michigan,
 Whose banks are rich with gifts of Spring ;
 Where transcendent circles widening span,
 When touched by swallow's quivering wing.
 The friends who dwell along thy shore,
 I bid you all a kind adieu ;
 Henceforth the wild Atlantic's roar,
 Will please my ear, and greet my view.
 But all the pleasant days I've spent
 Thro' lovely Wilmette's groves and woods,
 Are with the sweetest memories blent
 Of me, when in my happiest moods.

SONG, — OCEAN SPRAY.

- THE sky was clear, the moon was bright,
And silvering all the lovely bay ;
A youth and maid, in love's delight,
Walked on the beach of Ocean Spray.
The moonbeam,s glittered on the sea,
The rippling waves broke into song ;
While white-winged yachts with sail set free
By balmy south winds glide along.

He told her tales of future bliss,
He pictured scenes of rapturous joy ;
And sealed each story with a kiss,
Which theiving time could not destroy.
By lover's wiles he sought to gain,
The maiden's heart, the old, old, way ;
Building gay castles still in Spain,
Along the beach of Ocean Spray !

He wooed her with a lover's art ;
She yielded, with a timid yes,
And gave her love, her hand, and heart :
He, sealed it with a lover's kiss !
Again the darts of cupid flew,
And love triumphant won the day ;
The old, old story, ever new,
Was told that night, at Ocean Spray !

LINES

THESE are the fickle April days,
Of which in doggrel strains we hear,
In every rhymsters silly lays
Rejoicing o'er the opening year.

I cannot join them in their theme,
Nor sadly prate of budding leaves,
I like November's winds which scream
Around my country cottage eaves.

I like the gloom upon the sky,
I like the blast of autumn's wind,
I like the forests varied dye,
And joy in all the seasons find.

Some write of what they do not feel ;
Some talk of what they do not know ;
I write whate'er my thoughts reveal ;
I do not talk for empty show.

I take the seasons as they come ;
In spring, I watch the budding trees ;
In summer, love the drowsey hum,
Of insects, and of honey-bees.

I love the autumn's blustering storm ;
 I love the winter's wild career ;
 When I sit by the hearthstone warm,
 I love the roaring blast to hear !

I've told you. of the sun and sky,
 I've told you, of the cloud and rain,
 I've told you of the autumn's dye,
 And winter's wild and sad refrain.

I've watched the changes day by day,
 That man and nature, marr and miss ;
 Industry's hand, — the flower's decay,
 And scenes that cheer, and scenes that bless.

How wonderful nature's plan appears,
 In pleasures fruitful, as in woes ;
 The changing and the rolling year,
 Their sorrow and their pleasure shows.

SONG FOR A SCOTCH FESTIVAL.

HIGHLANDERS, Lowlanders, men from the
 border,
 Gladly I greet your bright faces to-night :
 Proud looks each manly face, sitting in order,
 Smiling so happy with joy and delight.
 In querrelous spirit, I ask you not whither,
 From Moray, or Fife, or Ayrshire ye came?

Are ye leal Scottishmen, wearing the heather,
 Revering her memory and loving her name?

CHORUS,

Highlanders, Lowlanders, men from the
 border,
 Wi' badge of the thistle, the heather and
 pine ;
 To- night pledge a bumper, all honor accord
 her ;
 Our auld mither Scotland, and days of
 langsyne !

Came ye from heather hills, mist cloud adorn-
 ing ?
 Nature's abode of the buck and the roe ?
 Came ye from castle crowned Edna of learn-
 ing ;
 Or the trade-roaring city of toiling Glas
 gow ?
 Came ye from green birks, where flows the
 sweet streamlet,
 Or classic abode of philosophy's pen ?
 Or, from the wild-wood, where screams the
 young eaglet ;
 Or, where Colia has walked with her gifted
 plowmen ?

CHORUS.

Came ye from moors of the grouse and the
plover,

Or lochs where the spirit of solitude dwells?
O'er the wild ocean have you been a rover,
Far from the land where your forefather's
dwell?

Came ye from Cathness, and cloud-cleaving
mountains,
Round where the storms and the hurrican
rage?

Came ye from Lanark, where rocks, rills, and
fountains,
Are hallowed by heroes, and sung of by
sage?

CHORUS.

Came ye from lands east or west, fragrant
and flowery,
Or fields of the north, where king winter
holds sway?

Came ye from temperate climes, — fair Carse
o' Gowrie,
Or, banks of the Ganges, or, plains of Bom-
bay?

O'er the wide world, wheresoever ye wander,
Bear ye a leal Scottish heart in your breast?
Pause! and on days of langsyne, lovingly
ponder,

And pledge me a health, to the land we
love best!

CHORUS.

TABLEAU.

WRITTEN FOR A HARVEST HOME, SCHOOL
CELEBRATION.

CERES, holding a sheaf of wheat, sitting on
a raised dias in the middle of the stage.

FAIR Autumn with her bounteous store,
Of riches from Pomona now appear,
And from her cornucopias pour
The garnered treasures of the year.

The riches of the hill, and vale, —
The bounty of the mead and field, —
The teeming orchards in the dale,
Their hundred-fold productions yield.

Fling open wide the barnyard gate,
The harvest moon shines in the dome!;
While gathering round the ingle-side,
We celebrate our Harvest Home.

STRAWBERRIES.

First nurselings of our mother earth,
Kissed by the sun of lovely June ;
Sweet as a maiden's lips, and breath,
Strawberries ripening, blush, and bloom.

When from the noontides heated flame,
 We lie in cooling bowers of green ;
 A richer feast no Epicure could claim,
 Than red strawberries drowned in cream.

CHERRIES.

High overhead fair branches grow,
 With ruby clusters hung about ;
 The sunshine sets their hearts aglow,
 And cherry-ripe ! the children shout.

PLUMS.

Deep hidden in my leafy bowers,
 Where birds and bees, both sing and hum :
 My sides are kissed by sun and showers,
 That dyes the royal purple plum.

BLUEBERRIES.

Ho ! from the wild-woods deep recess,
 Where wood-nymphs, free and happy roam,
 With bounding feet, and flowing tress,
 Bringing, blue, black huckleberries home.

FIGS.

Back at creations early dawn,
 The fig-tree spread its branches green ;
 Perennial still, since time began,
 The friend of man I've ever been.

APPLES.

My blossoms deck the orchards gay,
The bridal of the opening year ;
When o'er the hills comes blushing May,
With buds and wild-flowers in her hair.

And when the Autumn's frosty blast,
Sweeps o'er the brown and leafless earth ;
The cider-jug around is passed,
And cheers the honest farmer's hearth.

In green and gold, and rosy red,
And russet gray, my sides are dyed ;
O'er every feast I beauty shed,
At humble hearths, or halls of pride.

I'm king of fruit, the apples cry,
For who can match me in my pride ?
When Baldwins, Pippins, Nonesuch, lie
With nut-brown Russets, side by side.

PEACHES.

I bring the blushing rosy peach,
Full of the sunshine, and the dew ;
The artists pencil cannot reach,
The blended glory of my hue !

Aurora's hand my cheeks did paint,
With colors from the morning sky ;

And over all pale Luna blent,
A velvet dress of silvery dye.

PEARS.

The frost has nipped my leafy screen,
Where I hung ripening half the year,
Gathering the sunshine's golden beam,
To make a mellow, melting, pear ;

Fit for an Epecurean feast,
My luscious sides with sweetness swell ;
At our fair goddess feet, at least
I'll lay, the Bartlett, Sickel, Jarjonelle.

GRAPES.

Ye foolish fruits, now stop your boast,
Of colors, and of comely shapes,
When I appear, your claim is lost,
By purple, and by golden grapes.

For kings and princes, peer, and lord,
I, in their golden goblets shine ;
And cheer the heart, and health afford,
In sparkling, rich, and rosy wine.

POTATOES.

I'm prince of all the tuber tribe, —
First by an English traveller seen,

And borne across the Atlantic's tide,
For table of the virgin Queen.

Cook me a hundred different ways,
Boiled, roasted, baked, or in a stew ;
O'er every board I hold my sway,
From king to cobbler, me, and you.

Now, I've a claim, it may be small,
For names I can a hundred show ;
Pink-eye, Peach-blow, Early-rose, all,
Good, honest, mealy, white, potatoes.

TOMATOES.

Deep hidden in their emerald caves,
Through all the summer's heated glow ;
Where scorching sunbeams never wave,
Till autumn winds begin to blow.

I'm the red-coated cardinal,
From cloisters green, and dark recess ;
Beloved alike by great and small,—
Tomatoes ripe, in scarlet dress.

MAIZE.

Now, husking-bees by all are played,
How eager youths and maidens look,
Till red ear's found — the forfeit paid,
With mirth, which roof and rafters shook.

Here are the golden ears of maize,
 That made New England's barns to shake,
 With Harvest Homes, in bye-gone days,
 And makes the golden Johnney Cake.

PUMPKINS.

O'er all the land can now be seen,
 Where lately waved the rustling maize ;
 New England's favourite fruit dark green,
 Basking in autumn's tempered rays.

Though rough of skin, I 'm large, of heart,
 And I am bashful too, and shy,
 Yet, I can proudly do my part,
 For I 'm some pumpkins for a pie !

CABBAGE.

Of charms I do not boast, or shout,
 But you can take me boiled or raw ;
 The German cries for his sour-kROUT,
 The Yankee's choice, is fresh cold-slaw.

I laugh at winter's frost and snow, —
 I am no hot-house plant, I ween ;
 Sometimes in royal dress I go,
 But oftener, simple cabbage green.

SQUASH.

My favourite dress is green and gold ;
 I sometimes crook my neck to see

What's going on around the fold,
Among my numerous progeny.

Mid such a rich and grand display,
Pray, do not deem me bold or rash ;
While I my humble tribute pay,
With this gold-hearted, burly, squash.

CARROTS.

I 've heard your boast, I 've heard your claim,
Ye many gaudy colored fruits ;
Mine, my modesty forbids to name ;
The humble carrot blushes to its roots.

BEETS.

I draw from earth her juices rare,
To dye my fibres, ruddy sweet :
In taste and flavor I compare
With others, though a humble beet.

BARLEY.

The brave, bold, bearded, barley see,
My sugared juice delights the young,
While, graybeards quaff their barley bree ;
My praise, have sweetest poets sung.

OATS.

I can, your varied claims allow ;
Your many merits all behold, —
Your dazzling colors make a show,
Of nature's bounties manifold.

But show to me a healthier race,
 In bone, and muscle, brain, and blood,
 Than where the oat meal holds its place ;
 The halesome porridge chief of food.

WHEAT.

The fields are bare, the forest leaves
 Are rustling in the autumn blast ;
 Our barns are bursting full of sheaves,
 Reward for summer's labor past.

The ancient trophy here display,
 The last sheaf gathered from the field ;
 Our tributes at her feet we lay, —
 To her we all the homage yield.

Exempt from idle boast, or pride,
 I would not stir your jealous strife ;
 On humblest merits I abide,
 My title claim, " the staff of life ! "

CERES.

Keep silent each inferior thing !
 List to the monarch on her throne ;
 The harvest crowns me as its Queen,
 To me be all the honors shown.
 I fill Columbia's barns, and bins, —
 I feed old Europe's starving hords ;
 'T is wheat that every battle wins,
 And feeds the beggars, and the lords.

LINES

READ AT THE 9TH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE

NEW ENGLAND FRANKLIN CLUB,
Boston, Jan. 17th, 1872.

ALL hail, our good and worthy chief,
With face the reflex of content ;
Be yours all happiness, may grief
Ne'er dim the future of our President.

Where'er our noble Colonel leads,
We're sure to follow, — and to night
We, in our goblet's sparkling beads,
Will toast our worthy chairman WRIGHT.

I see, as round this board I look
On all you happy printer boys,
(Whose daily life is making books,
For sages and for sinners !)

Old Father Time in passing spreads,
His frostwork on your sunny hair ;
And scatters freely on all heads
From Colonel down to Mayor.

Our WRIGHT, and POTTER for the State,
 Have printing done for many a year ; —
 Speeches, Reports, and long debates,
 'Bout Whiskey, Ale, and Lager Beer.

Here RAND and AVERY's beehive stands,
 O'er looking Boston's busiest marts,
 Long may it flourish and command,
 A liberal share o' the art of Arts.

In solemn silence fill each glass,
 And pledge we all with tearful eye,
 One bumper of respect to their
 Lamented partner ORRIN FRYE.

His *outer form locked up* now lies
Dead matter on the silent shore ;
 His *inner form* is now *revised*,
 And *living matter* evermore.

On jolly face of ALFRED MUDGE,
 A shade of dissapointment lurks ;
 I see him looking with a grudge,
 At brother ROCKWELL'S " city works. "

Strange, paradoxical, sublime,
 Our toiling, daily life appears ;—
 Some hours engaged in darkest crime,
 The next in heartfelt, earnest prayers

All trades, professions, science, things,
 Our Art can typify and show ; —
 Both good and bad, and Queens and Kings,
 And rich and poor and high and low.

The multifarious walks of life,
 The printer often has adorned —
 The bravest on the field of strife —
 His voice the Senate oft has charmed.

Whether on bench or battlefield,
 His native genius still has shown ;
 Oft turned the tide of fatal war,
 And many a field of victory won.

Nonpareil, is type of honest man,
 (The poet in his song has blended :)
 But showing up an Alderman,
 We take the font called the *Extended*.

Glaziers are type of *Diamond* bright ;
 To oysters we for *Pearl* are sent ;
Columbian is freedom's right ; —
Agate will jewelers represent.

For churchmen we select *Breveir* —
 The free-born citizens *Bourgeoise* ;
Canon for soldiers will appear, —
Script seems to be the author's choice.

Long-primer for the teacher's stand ;
Small-pica suits the lawyer's case ;
Pica for orator's orations grand,
 John Bull will match an *English* face.

A maid is type of *Paragon* ;
 For preachers we select the *Text* ;
 Mothers are *Double Paragon*,
 With baby *Small Caps* often vexed.

Nobility the *Title* claim,
 To scolds our *Bold-face* we assign ;
Backslope seems the drunkards aim,
 To barbers we will give *Hair-line*

More marvellous things I have in store,
 So now my friends fill up each cup.
 And with a bumper running o'er,
 We'll *publish* when our *form's* *locked up*.

We've notes of music—notes of hand,
 And though endorsed they sometimes are,
 A *printer's notes* much oftener stand
 Adorned with *obelisk* or *star*.

We're always happy, gay and glad —
 And sweetly tempered, who can doubt ?
 Yet, almost daily we get mad,
 Caused by a frequent *falling out*.

Though modest men we printers are,
 In all the work that we perform,
 We love with *rule*, and *band* and *bar*,
 To clothe and dress a *naked form*.

We always love a shinning tile,
 Are fond of ornaments as girls —
 Yet partial to the good *old style*
 Of Rubies, Emeralds, and Pearls.

A *tail-piece* is a printer's joy,
 Though *crosses* will it oft repress :
 But floods and war shall ne'er destroy
 Those brothers two, the Pen and Press.

Though we have *horse* and *bank* and *quoin*,
 That we are poor there is no doubt ;
 When *notes of admiration* shine !!!
 The poorest frequently *drive out*.

We often in a *squabble* get
 When *matter* 's to be cleared away,
 Or *leaded columns* to be set
 With *two-line lettered head display*.

We 've put a *head* on many a page,
 And *battered matter* sent to *hell* ;
 In many a *chase* we will engage ,
 But how I have not time to tell.

What would a modern Crusoe be
 A printing press and type without?
 E'er from the wreck his shirt was dry
 He'd have an *extra 'dition out!*

When Smith and Jones sit down and think,
 And schemes grow big before their eyes,
 Success depends on printers' ink,
 For they must print and advertise.

And Banks which corporations fee,
 How e'er imperious their address,
 Must lift their hats respectfully
 Before the great unshakled Press.

The ends of all the world behold
 The printer's great and wond'rous power;
 The Fejee Islander unfolds
 His "Transcript" at the evening hour.

No matter what I say or sing,
 The influence which the press can use
 Is equalled only by a woman's tongue,
 Daily disseminating news.

Printers are poets ready made —
 None can sing with sweeter pleasure;
 Their *tunes* seldom to fortunes turn —
 Their songs are *set to narrow measure.*

But while we sing of freedom's press.
 And noble men, unbought, unsold ;
 Our condemnation we'll express
 For those who sell the press for gold.

Our scorn upon the ignoble few,
 Who basely lie and underwork,
 And cheat themselves and craftsmen, too.
 Like old boss Tweed of great New York,

Again, health unto our President,
 A better name I seldom write ;
 May heaven's best blessings all be sent
 Upon the head of Colonel WRIGHT.

Vice-presidents we've got a pair,
 Disciples of Ben Franklin's school ;
 One was lately made a Mayor,
 The Cambridge government to rule.

While earnest labor meets reward,
 Their honors we will never grudge ;
 Drink to them both with kind regards ;
 H. O. H. and ALFRED MUDGE.

When our *forms are worked off* and done,
 And we're an empty worn out *case*,
 Raise o'er us an *Imposing stone* —
 We'll join no more an earthly *chase*.

When we *correct* all *errors* marked,
 And humbly pray to be forgiven,
 My *impression* is, though *devils* try,
 We 'll not be *crowded out* of heaven.

Grant God may "bless us everyone,"
Cancel each *error* we may make ;
 That when death *locks* our *forms*, may we
 A *clean revise* to th' AUTHOR take.

TO JOHN K. HALL.

TRUE hearted Hall !
 Thousands recall
 Thy countless deeds of love ;
 For selfish aims
 Too often claims
 The impulse that our friendships move.

Good men like you
 Are far and few.
 And seldom met on life's rough road
 Whose deeds and words
 Each day affords
 An aid to many a brother's load.

To you, indeed,
 None e'er in need,
 Asked council in a brother's name ;

But you would cheer
 Away his fear,
 And make him feel a man again.

For sorrow here,
 Year after year,
 Doth spread her mourning garments round ;
 'T is then a friend
 Can succor lend
 And pour a balm on every wound.

Life's nobler part
 Fills all your heart ;
 No room for sordid, selfish cares ;
 The woe or weal
 That brothers feel
 The largeness of your bosom shares,

One of the true
 And trusted few
 Whose manhood, both with tongue and pen,
 Gives you the rank
 And genuine stamp
 Of one of Nature's gentlemen.

Let all eyes scan
 This noble man,
 Whose attributes and sterling worth,
 Makes him so dear
 To brethern here,
 Plodding this weary vale of earth.

Though Father Time,
 With frosty rime,
 Your raven locks with silver dies,
 Yet underneath
 The snowy wreath
 Your heart still warm with friendship lies.

Long may you live
 To freely give
 With generous heart and open hand ;
 And each birthday
 Find you still gay,
 Surrounded by a happy band.

And now, friend HALL,
 When in the fall
 October knocks upon your door,
 He there will find
 As calm a mind
 As ever graced asixty-four.

And when Fate's sword
 The silver cord
 Of life shall sever here below :
 Upon the cheek
 The tear will speak
 Of those who did thy kindness know.

How sweet the day,
 Come when it may,
 When you shall hear the Master's tone,

In accents clear
 Ring on the ear :
 Welcome thou true and faithful son !

From hour to hour,
 In sun or shower,
 Where'er my weary feet may tend,
 I 'll oft recall
 Kind hearted HALL :
 True guide and counsellor and friend.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SEA, ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP
 "SAMARIA," APRIL, 4TH, 1874.
 TO WILLIAM WRIGHT,
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BROTHER true and tender hearted,
 Practise what you preach and say ;
 Daily, since from you I started,
 Waft I blessings every day ;
 O'er my spirit brooded sadness, —
 Fortune frowned — my hopes decayed,
 Now the gloom has turned to gladness,
 By your generous hearted aid.

By that *mystic tie*, my brother,
 And the virtues of the *square*,
 You did all my anguish smother,
 Sickness, sadness, gloom, despair.
 By the choicest gifts of heaven,
 And the holiest ties of earth
 That are round our altar given
 Binding us through life and death.

Noblest hearted of the faithful,
 Chief of pure Masonic love,
 No vain impulse, selfish, playful,
 Does thy daily actions move :
 When you 're grieved at fortune's frowning,
 None does sooner joy impart,
 And with healing balm go crowning
 Many a sick and wounded heart.

But from Solomon the olden,
 Down the muster roll of fame,
 Your escutcheons are as golden
 As the worthiest son can claim.
 Love and charity unbounding,
 Which old Hiram did impart ;
 And the laws of Moses sounding
 Down the ages, fill thy heart.

While the *lesser lights* are burning,
 With a firm and steadfast glow,
 Temples, towers. to dust returning,
 Ours their pristine beauty show ;

Bonds as sacred now and cherished, —
 Hearts as true are sometimes found,
 For the *tenets* have not perished,
 Which the ancient *trio* bound.

Cloud and sunshine daily hover,
 O'er the wicked and the good ;
 But the *star decked* sky doth cover
 Our bright glorious brotherhood.
 Now with *trowel* and *gavel squarely*,
 As the Master well hath planned,
 Fit each living *ashler* fairly
 To adorn our Temple grand.

Noble son, of noble mother !
 Christ like words to you she said :
 " If, to one sick, suffering, brother
 Thou hast kindly given aid, —
 I am glad that thou wert born,
 I am proud of such a son,
 For on resurrection morn
 You will hear the words, "WELL DONE !"

MASONIC SONG.

FOR INSTALLATION. — TUNE, Auld lang syne.

A happy band we here are met,
 Each earnest, truthful, soul ;
 No common lot is ours my friends,
 We seek a higher goal.
 Then hail, our Master in the East,
 Let's greet him with three cheers ;
 The Oriental chair he fills,
 Elected by his peers.

With *square* and *compasses* may he
 Teach all, those lessons rife,
 That *circumscribe* the boundaries
 Of a Master Mason's life.
 And while he holds the Master's *square*,
 To prove each *ashler* true,
 May Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
 And Truth, his heart embue.

SENIOR WARDEN.

The Tyrian king, who in the west,
 Doth view the suns decline,
 Will strength impart, to those who kneel
 At our Masonic shrine.

And like our ancient craftsman true,
 Who acted on the *square* ;
 Let merit only chosen be,
 To fill each honored chair.

JUNIOR WARDEN.

Now, where the noble Hiram sat,
 And rich designs was planned,
 To decorate and beautify
 The Tenple great and grand,
 The Junior Warden is installed
 To fill that ancient chair ;
 May all his works be beautiful,
 With *level*, *plumb*, and *square*.

My brethren, e'er we part to-night,
 Earth's bick'ring strife to try,
 Let's drink the health, and clasp the hand,
 Of every brother nigh.
 And may our noble order stand,
 Till Time is old and sere,
 With true and noble hearted men
 As those that we have here.

The wintry frosts of ripe old age,
 May crown each manly brow,
 May change our forms, but not our hearts,
 That throb so warmly now.

Then fill your glasses high, my friends,
 And drink before you go, —
 May Mason's hearts be young in love,
 Beneath each frosty brow.

"WRONG FONTS"

A CHICAGO INCIDENT.

Two Comps, who bent upon a spree,
 One to the other smiling, said : —
 "Tom, let us the fashions go and see,
 And State Street quietly promenade."

"Agreed" said Bob, so off they went,
 Like Siamese twins, a loving twain ;
 E'er long their frequent imbibations sent
 Confusion dire within their brain.

Their *case* grew desperate when they called
 For *mallets, shooting-sticks, and bar,*
 With which they beat and badly mauled,
 A blue-clad club-armed star.

But luck still favors sons of Faust,
 And gods their failings kindly view ;
 Said Bob, "e'er we our *quoins* exhaust,
 Let's go and have an oyster stew."

Wandering through Madison, they soon
 Arrived, where Clark Street's busy tide
 Pours past the bivalve's grand saloon ;
 In there, our mellow Compo's glide.

" A ' Boston Fancy ' if you please ! "
 " A ' Fancy Roast ' of twelve, at least ; "
 Both leaning back, now took their ease,
 Awaiting for the bivalve feast.

As Bob stirred up his favourite dish,
 A *long-tailed clam* now met his view ;
 " This *matter's foul*, behold this fish !
 You 've *wrong font* oysters in your stew. ,,

" Go to your *galley*," quick, he said ;
 " *Correct*, and then *revise* your *matter* ;
 Let twelve fat bivalves then be laid,
 Before me, done up brown in batter. "

LINES

READ AT THE INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS
OF MOUNT OLIVET LODGE, A. F. A. M.
CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 15, 1870.

Now dawns on us another year,
Behold our future Master, — greet him ;
With true fraternal feelings cheer
Masonic duties that may meet him.

Although his predecessor's gone,
And strewn his sorrow's darkly o'er us ;
We'll give your hopes a brighter tone,
For happier days lie now before us.

Our Lodges' early days were *Nourse*-d
By one well skilled to wield the *gavel* ;
And fix a firm abiding trust
In all, without a doubt or cavil.

And next to keep the *Nourse*-ling well,
They put it under DOCTOR's care ;
And MUZZEY counsel made it CROWELL,
When he filled the *Orient* chair !

In all the infant's *work* and *play*
The parents took a great delight ;
They saw it prosper day by day
And gave it for a *Master* WRIGHT.

When brother HARRIS was CHASED out,
 The child grew moody, cross, and stern ;
 And broke its *compass* in a pout,
 And would no more its lessons learn.

Now, brethren, let 's to night begin
 To learn " Masonic A. B. C. ; "
 And friendship we will surely win
 Of our GRAND DISTRICT DEPUTY !

The *square* within the Master's hand
 Should be our guide and daily mentor ;
 Uniting one fraternal band,
 'Mong whom contention ne'er should enter.

Upon the *level* shores of time
 Is treading every living mortal ;
 May *plumb* of *rectitude* divine
 Guide all unto the *Lodge* immortal.

Our *tenets* now are still adored,
 As when *Masonic chart* was given
 To Adam with the *grip* and *word*
 By the GREAT ARCHITECT of Heaven.

But trouble came to Eden's bower
 When our first Master disobeyed ;
 And Adam in that self-same hour
 A *Master mason's apron* made !

Adam in *speculative work* began,
 With TUBAL CAIN as SENIOR WARDEN ;
 With *square* and *compass*, *chart* and *plan*,
 They formed a *Lodge* in Eden's garden †

A second ADAM now appears !
 MOUNT OLIVET her hand extends : —
 Henceforth all discord disappears,
 Now all are AMICABLE friends !

Late Master HARRIS here displays
 The face we ever loved to greet ;
 I hear he's mending others' ways,
 A busy man upon the street.

Let CHARITY and sweet ST. JOHN
 Frequent *fraternal* visits pay ;
 We bid them welcome every one
 Who true Masonic laws obey.

Now we are modern Masons all,
 Round whom romance no halo flings ;
 May sweet contentment round us fall,
 As year by year new pleasure brings.

By the sweet memories of the past, —
 Their glories brightening every day :
 If to the *landmarks* we hold fast,
 Our *order* never will decay.

Masonic laws encompass earth,
 Stretching from farthest *East* to *West* :
 By *Zenith's* and by *Nadir's* girth
 The *vast dimensions* are expressed.

To him who in the *East* commands,
 As well as he who *guards* the *portal*,
 Each one upon the *level* stands
 In journeying to the *Lodge* immortal.

You 'll say there is no use in rhymes
 To 'mind you of the customs old ;
 For memories of the ancient times
 Are treasured dear as miser's gold.

I know it, and will end my song, —
 And pray with all a Mason's love
 That the GRAND MASTER's *grip* so *strong*
 May *raise* all to the LODGE above.

MASONIC SONG.

ENTERED APPRENTICE.

Tune, — Auld Lang Syne.

Come, brethren of the mystic tie,
 Let songs of joy arise,
 For Faith and Hope and Charity
 Point upward to the skies.

And while the *level* and the *plumb*
 Shall teach us lessons rare,
 We still shall keep our secrets dumb
 And act upon the *square*.

Then sing our *Points of entrance*
 For they are virtues rare ;
 The lovely form of Temperance
 We'll guard with prudent care,

And Fortitude with firmest heart,
 And Justice good and fair,
 Shall teach us manhood's nobler part, —
 To act upon the *square*.

And while Fraternal Love abounds
 Within each Truthful breast,
 May each relieve a brother's wounds,
 And comfort the distressed.

Then sing the Tenets we profess,
 For they are *jewels* rare ;
 And thus the world we still shall bless
 By acting on the *square*.

Then sing for Freedom's holy light,
 With Fervency sincere ;
 So we may prize that emblem bright,
 Of honor which we wear.
 While every eye points to that home,
 Let Zeal our bosoms warm,—
 From mother Earth we all have come,
 And to her must return.

MASONIC SONG.

FELLOW CRAFT, — Tune, Auld Lang Syne.

Come Fellow-crafts, and let us prove,
 Our love of liberal arts ;
 Those grand Initials let us love,
 And treasure in our hearts.
 From *line* to *point* and *superfice*,
 We'll raise with prudent care
 Our grand Masonic edifice,
 By *Level*, *Plumb*, and *Square*,

And while we *speculate* and *learn*
 Our passions to subdue,
 And all His handiwork discern,
 Give him that homage due.

Upon the *Level* now we stand,
 The *Plumb* shall teach us care,
 For in that undiscovered land
 We're *tested* by the *Square*.

And while superior wisdom sits,
 'Tween Pillars rising high,
 By Strength we shall Establish it,—
 Our Order — 'neath His eye

The Lilly and the Pomegranate
 Shall bloom and flourish fair ;
 'Mid Plenty, Peace and Unity,
 We'll act upon the *Square*.

Our ancient brethren, for their toil,
 Received at set of sun
 Their stores of Corn, and Wine, and Oil,
 For faithful labors done.

But when we stand by Jordan's ford,
 And view the promised lands,
 May each one have the Pass and Word
 The MASTER understands.

LINES

READ AT THE INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS
OF MOUNT OLIVET LODGE, A. F. A. M.
DECEMBER 21, 1871.

"LET there be peace" the Master said,
The waves on Galilee were still ;
So from our altar we have prayed,
And peace again our bosoms fill.
MOUNT OLIVET her storms has seen,
When brothers barely could agree :
But BRADFORD poured Masonic oil,
And calmed the troubled sea.

All storms are o'er, and we can trace
The influence of our *sacred light* ;
The joy that beams on SAWIN'S face
Reflected shines on CHASE and WRIGHT.
Sweet harmony reigns in our lodge,
We hear no discontented growl,
Cement of love has healed each grudge,
Spread by a *Master Mason's trowel*.

Our brother, Earl de GRAY RIPON,
Has crossed the wild Atlantic seas
To meet his brother Jonathan
With olive branch of future peace.

The fighting Emperor's at his ease, —
 King William's sheathed his bloody sword,
 And Russia's son comes o'er the seas
 With many a peaceful freighted word.

The time is coming sought so long,
 'Tis drawing nearer every day ;
 That statesmen sought ; that poets sung ;
 The war-worn earth's Millenium day.
 You'll see this is no poet's dodge,
 But when the white flag is unfurled ;
 The *harmony* which rules the *Lodge*
 In coming years will rule the world.

Our DISTRICT DEPUTY has said
 We've learned the Mason's A. B. C.
 Our *books* and *charter* he's surveyed,
 And finds we now can *work* and '*gree*
 He and his suite we welcome here,
 With joy their faces we behold,
 They beam and smile o'er goodly cheer,
 Like any jolly monks of old.

Our mother AMICABLE has sent
 Her elect Master young and fair ;
 With *wisdom* may he represent,
 And grace her *Oriental* chair.
 While CHARITY lives in our breast,
 With sweetness of the summer flowers :—
 Of all her sons the loved and best.
 Is welcomed here in Brother BOWERS.

Intemperance will ne'er beguile
 Our officers well hoarded pelf,
 They ne'er look through a glass or smile !
 " You all know how it is yourself ? "
 Is BRADFORD temperate in and out,
 And day and night strictly teetotal ?
 His past professions lie in doubt
 Since seizing that black dangerous bottle.

If charged with tanglefoot or gin
 I never asked our worthy Master,
 But somehow he hushed up its din,
 And saved the town a sad disaster.
 Look at the stripling *ten years old*,
 How nourishing has been his cup !
 Now yonder look, and you'll behold
 The NOURSE that *raised him up*.

If worthy Deacon MARTIN needs
 A word of praise or thanks to-night,
 'T is for the careful way he leads
 The *blind* into the perfect *light*.
 Good Brother FULLER holds the till,
 But all the greenbacks he collates
 Will not be subject to his will,
 But seized upon by Brother BATES.

Farewells and partings and good bye,
 Our daily feelings still are shocking ;
 We grieve to cut the *social tie*
 And bid adieu to Brother HOCKING.

Where'er a brother's feet may roam
 "Pursuing Fortune's slippery ba' ;"
 In every lodge he "find a home,
 Whither 't is here or far awa'.

We each have seen our ups and downs,
 The trials and the griefs of earth,
 The transient joy that often crowns
 Our days, is but a fleeting breath.
 Though care and joy our life combines,
 We still can look from here afar
 Where that *encircling border shines*
 Round Hope's Masonic *blazing star*.

Often my eager fancy paints
 The morals of our ancient school,
 Teaching all sinners to be saints
 Beneath our grand Masonic rule.
 Now brethren keep your jewels bright,
 Wherein such hidden meaning lies ;
 And may each craftsman here to-night,
 Their Philosophic teachings prize.

And as the *ladder steps* we mount,
 Towards yon *clouded canopy*,
 O may our *hour-glass* daily count
 Some deeds of *love and charity*.
 And by the *level, square, and plumb*,
Truth's gavel will in time remove
 Each vice, that we may all become
 Fit *ashlars* for the LODGE OF LOVE.

MASONIC SONG.

WRITTEN FOR FAITH LODGE OF INSTRUCTION
LONDON,

TUNE. — “Ye banks and braes.”

GREAT Architect accept the prayer,
I offer with sincere intent ;
Be all our ancient craft thy care,
Feed them with corn of nourishment.

Impart thy richest blessing Lord,
To each one kneeling at thy shrine —
To every brother's heart afford,
A flow of Heaven's refreshing wine.

Instruct their hearts, their hands employ,
In honest, free, and zealous toil
That they may gain from Thee the joy,
That flows from draughts of heavenly oil.

Guard them with thy paternal care,
That they may gain thy rich reward ;
In that celestial lodge above
Companionship with Christ the Lord.

The care your kind Preceptor shows,
 Mark with attentive ear and eye ;
 Those faithful lessons taught below,
 Will gain you all that Lodge on high.

MASONIC SONG.
 FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP.

TUNE. — Jaynes.

BROTHER, faithful tried and tested,
 I will answer you with speed,
 And on foot will go to serve you,
 Call me when my aid you need ;
 Heedless of fatigue or danger,
 I will cast off selfish sloth,
 For to me thou art no stranger,
 Mystic ties have bound us both.

When I kneel in adoration,
 To the Master in command,
 Of this mighty grand creation,
 And the systems he has planned ;
 Then I 'll think of thee, my brother,
 And each selfish thought subdue,
 Every vain desire I 'll smother,
 Pleading at the throne for you.

I will keep thy secrets hidden
 Deep within my faithful breast,
 Sacredly as you have bidden
 When to me you them confessed ;
 All the secrets you 've imparted,
 None in outer world shall know,
 For the noble and true-hearted
 All are faithful to their vow.

And when tongues of idle slander
 Shall a brother's name assail,
 Then I 'll prove a staunch defender,
 And make idle rumour quail.
 Your good name to me is dearer
 Than the sordid wealth of gold,
 Or the treasures of the miser
 Which his greedy eyes behold.

I will quickly give thee warning
 When a foe is lurking near,
 All our fellowship adorning
 By a whisper in thine ear.
 While I grasp thy hand thus firmly,
 By that strong grip you shall know
 I thy brother am, and warmly
 Pledged to thee by faithful vow.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

TUNE, — "Auld Lang Syne."

AGAIN fraternally we meet
 For social joy and cheer,
 Within this sacred, safe retreat
 To masonry so dear.
 Our Great High Priest with wisdom fills
 The Oriental chair ;
 And 'mong companions true, instills
 The virtues of the square.

And woman's smiles light up our hall,
 And on our emblems gaze ;
 For well they know the Masons' maul
 Smooths life's uneven ways.
 Though rough the path our feet pursue,
 And weary is our march,
 Our Trusty Guide will lead us through,
 To view the Royal Arch.

Our Lodge the universe of man
 Adorned with pillars three : —
 O'er Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty span
 The star-decked canopy.
 In every hieroglyphic gem
 Some hidden meanings lie ;
 Beneath the Keystone diadem,
 And HIS all-seeing eye.

Teach every brother well to mark
 The level, plumb, and square ;—
 The sign, and covenant, and ark,
 Are fraught with meaning rare.
 When to the Great Inspector we
 Subject the work we 've done,
 With His unerring guage may He
 Accept each living stone.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

TUNE, — “ Auld lang syne. ”

With kind fraternal feelings all
 Assemble here to-night ;
 On our Grand Master we would call
 To bless the Sons of light.
 As we around our altar kneel
 In harmony and peace,
 Our Royal Art can make us feel
 That here all discords cease.

In hieroglyphic implements
 Deep hidden mysteries lie, —
 All quarried from the fonts of Truth.
 'Neath God's approving eye ;
 Then may the GREAT HIGH PRIEST above,
 Accept our work as good ;
 And with the strong cement of love
 Unite our brotherhood.

As o'er life's rugged path we go
 We sometimes stumbling fall,
 Yet our loved hieroglyphics show
 We 're men and brethren all,
 Our daily manna furnish each
 As day by day we toil;
 And give to those thy SANCTUM reach
 Their corn and wine and oil.

Sojourners with their staff and rod,
 On life's long weary march,
 Will gladly cast aside their load
 'Neath Heaven's Royal Arch.
 And when to work we 're called on high,
 As yon blue arch we near,
 Our passwords — Love and Charity —
 We 'll whisper in His ear.

LINES

READ AT THE INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS
 OF MOUNT OLIVET LODGE, A. F. A. M.
 CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 19, 1872.

ANOTHER year has o'er us passed :
 Our annual festival returns ;
 Sweet *harmony* and *peace* and *love*
 Within each brother's bosom burns,

Each passing year brings change to all, —
 The one who now lays down the *square*
 Has just received another call
 The city's civic badge to wear.

For twice two thousand men had swore
 The tyrant's rule should cease at date ;
 Our Brother's rights they would restore,
 Electing him Chief Magistrate.

I am no prophet, — yet have prayed
 That peace should with us still remain ;
 Whene'er our *lights* shall be displayed
 Beneath our Brother BIGELOW's reign.

While *Wisdom* fills the *Orient* chair,
 And *Strength* adorns the ruddy *West*,
Beauty shall in the *South* declare
High twelve the welcome hour of rest.

Our grand eternal *Temple* stands,
 Built by GOD's *Geometric* law,
 By *Wisdom Strength* and *Beauty* planned ;
 Whose *lights* the unfaithful never saw.

Here *Love's* unforced obedience reigns,
 That all our *ancient brotherhood* unite,
 Linked by indissoluble chains,
 Forged from our *altar's holy Light*.

Here *Truth's Masonic landmarks* shine, —
 Each *living ashler* feels the joy ;
 A glorious destiny is thine,
 That tyrant Time cannot destroy.

For *peace* and *harmony* and *love*
 Within our *circle* we maintain ;
 In sweet communion there we move
 Upon the *Level's sacred plane*

Our earliest lesson is — be *true*,
 And act a noble, generous part,
 That all the world may daily view
 We from the *plumb-line* ne'er depart.

A *Brother in distress* may come
 And tell his grief in listening ears, —
 In every heart he 'll find a home
 To dry affliction's bitter tears.

The *look of love*, the *friendly word*,
 The grasp of *Fides'* faithful hand,
 Does hope-inspiring joy afford
 To *Pilgrims* of the *mystic band*.

I care not whosoe'er he be
 That does a base, ignoble act, —
 He is no friend to Masonry or me
 Who slanders either at their back.

Though in our *code* he learned be,
 And other vast pretentious claims, —
 He is not true to man or masonry,
 That wilfully a brother's honor maims.

True Masonry majestic stands,
 'Mid all the vain discords of earth,
 As when KING SOLOMON'S commands
 On *Mount Moriah's Hill* had birth.

And, like the sun its *light* is spread
 Where'er earth's wand'ring tribes may move;
 A *sign*, will bring a brother aid, —
 A *word*, the Brotherhood of Love.

The *faithful* know the language meant
 By *emblems* of the *mystic tie*, —
 From *Orient* to *Occident*,
 'Neath tropic sun and torrid sky.

Where'er a *faithful trio* meet,
 On *mountain top* or *deepest vale*,
 The *Tyler's sword* guards their retreat, —
 No *Cowan's art* can there prevail.

Beneath our *star-decked firmament*,
 Behold this *ancient brotherhood*,
 Together joined by *Love's cement*
 For mutual joy and mutual good.

Old MOSES gave the written law,
 And SOLOMON the *mystic word* ;
 The holy *sign*, the good Elijah saw
 When he the *widow's son restored*.

'Our *faith* looks up through eager eyes
 To that *supernal Lodge* above,
 Where our eternal mansion lies.
 Illumned by *Charity* and *Love*.

And may our temple now become
 A perfect, new Jerusalem, —
Pillar, Pillaster, arch, and dome,
Capped with the keystone diadem.

The MASTER'S *plumb*, the walls shall try,
 Set with the *emblematic maul* ;
 And HIS eternal, sleepless eye
 Will prove from *base* to *capital*.

Within the *compass* and the *square*.
 O, Father, keep our steps aright ;
 That, whether life be dark or fair,
 We 'll gain at last THY FURTHER LIGHT !

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

TUNE. — "America."

WE welcome you to-night,
 Good friends, with warm delight
 And greetings kind.

We wish you all to see.
 Those who consent to be,
 Without *reward or fee*,
 Guides to the Blind.

The *workman's* choice is made,
 And they to them have said —

KING, PRIEST, and SCRIBE : —
 To chosen and elect,
 Careful all work *inspect*,
 See that thou none *reject*,
Of the lost tribe.

Teach unto them the way
 Their *capstone* how to lay,
 So it may prove,
 That some Grand Master's hand
 Their labours did command,
 Their temple then will stand
 A House of Love.

And as its beauties rise,
 Uplifted to the skies,
 To heaven above ;
 On bended knee we bow ;
 Accept our offering now,
Light it with heavenly glow,
 Father of Love.

JOHN W. HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF HIS NEW HOUSE
 DORCHESTER, MASS., 1882.

My worthy friend, and toiling brother,
 See, what a company has come,
 And with warm wishes almost smother
 Both you and yours in this new home.

Though I, your latest friend and newest ;
 I bring my wishes warm as any,
 Into this cosey new-built nest
 Erected by your saving penny.

We wish thee health, and length of years.
 And friends a chosen few and trusty
 Whose generous love your pathway cheers—
 Whose hearts get never cold or rusty.

May bounteous stores of useful things
 Your larder fill, nor need to lock it :—
 A well-filled purse with bursting strings,
 To jingle always in your pocket.

And now, whatever more we wish
 To crown your life with every blessing —
 A faithful wife with loving kiss,
 And happy homes' endeared caressing.

Now, may the busy world outside,
 Indulge in senseless silly capers,
 While you sit at your own fireside,
 Enjoying your pipe and evening papers.

Without the angry tempest blows,
 But here he will not dare to enter ;
 Here you can sit and and toast your toes,
 And laugh to scorn the coldest winter.

Then, let the angry tempest howl
 Across the hills and heaving billow,
 Through frost and snow, and skies that scowl,
 Your head can press a peaceful pillow.

Old Time you thief, fling down your sythe,—
 To-night we're boys in heart and feeling ;
 For see, both old and young are blythe,
 And every face is joy revealing.

Both you and I, have had our fling,
 With many a jolly, roystering fellow ;
 Now autumn'a sober song we sing,
 By toil and years grown grave and mellow.

Although the silvery threads appear,
 On locks that once were bright and sunny ;
 We crack our jokes, and laugh to hear,
 A story new, or old, and funny.

A hint we now must give our host,
 To guard his snug and cosy dwelling,
 From witches, spooks, or any ghost
 Of Fancys' or of man's distilling.

A four-leafed clover, or a horse's shoe,
 Will ward off every witch, or evil,
 As birds are scared away by "shoo !"
 Or sign of cross disarms the devil.

If cares of office oft will come,
 And set the weary brain a throbbing ;
 The comforts of your cosy home,
 No envious spirit shall be robbing.

But I must tell you how our host
 Performs his many daily labors ; —
 Disciples of the marvellous Faust
 Are always mysteries to their neighbours.

He is no bigot partisan, —

The "Congregationalist" he watches ;
Heeds not the "World's" bless or ban ;
The "Cultivator's" time he catches.

The "Times" looks for another day ;
The "Yankee Blade" is getting rusty ;
While "Savage's" sermons hold their sway ;
The "Register" is true and trusty,

The "Inde's" philosophic page
Points man to newer hope and glory,
By hastening in the golden age,
Long prophesied in song and story.

He often lends a "Helping Hand"
To Erin's "Republic," paradox ;
And sends the "Well-Spring" o'er the land
To cheer the fainting orthodox.

The "Herald" sounds its joyous note,
To "Civil Service" and reforming ;
While the "Gazette" aims to promote,
The industries our land adorning.

The world to printers should be kind.
For oh ! they meet with many losses, —
Run out of *Sorts*, and often find
Their dearest *chase* is full of *crosses*.

Yet, he's no *minion* of the art.

By Faust and Guttenberg made common ;
But daily, nobly, plays his part,
With *Celt* and *Saxon*, *Goth* and *Roman*.

He gives *Ionic* to the Greeks,
With all its symetry and grace ;
While his bright, lively, *Celtic* speaks
In favor of the Irish race.

At dirty *mcnks* and *friars* gray,
He sounds his angry note of warning ;
His *Church-text* and *Breveir* diplays,
More freedom, happiness, and learning.

I've often seen him *driving out*,
Like any Jocky at the races ;
And sometimes have a *falling-out*
From want of *just* and *perfect spaces*.

And, I have seen him *out* of *sorts*,
When drawers were full of *quoin* and *copy* ;
'T is then the printer's devil sports,
Like what they do in regions smokey.

In *line* he *sets* his *Cannon* bold,
And sends his *broadships* decked in beauty,
That all may read and all behold,
Amusements, sports, and even duty.

He loves to *dress a naked form*,
 And I have often seen him *chase it*
 With *shooting-stick* — but not to harm,
 He'd *lock it up*, or else *embrace it*.

His *case* has often desperate been —
 He's given the *lye* in many places,
 And often with his *bodkin* keen,
 Pricked the old *Roman* in their faces.

Or he can give you, *Teuton Black*,
Runic, *Romanesque*, or *Roman*,
Egyptian, or, *Augustan Black*,
Franciscan. *Doric*, even *Norman*.

Or do you fancy *Clarendon*?
Gallatian, or e'en *Monastic*,
Grecian, *Venetian*, *Paragon*,
Franciscan, or *Ecclesiastic*?

He has them all within his keep;
 From *Grotesque*, even down to *Caxton*,
Alhambra, *Albion*, and *Antique*,
Athenian, and *Anglo-Saxon*.

He's wealthy as the richest Jew,
 In *Agate*, *Pearl*, and *Diamond* shining;
 But you and I, can have their use
 For cards, or balls, or public dining.

To-morrow morn renews our toil,
Our backs beneath the burden bending ;
We cannot rest beside our STILE,
His work is constant, — never-ending.

To those unused to toil and jar,
The turmoil, sound, and din, is trying,
While burr and whirl, goes drum and bar,
And sheets the *tympan* fingers flying.

My pen would fail, my words are weak,
To give expression to our feeling ;
But you can read on eye and cheek,
Thoughts our hearts are not concealing.

May the Great Author of the earth,
Revise and *Cancel* all your *errors* ;
You then can, with your fleeting breath,
Most bravely face the king of Terrors.

RETROSPECTION.

AND can it be ! I 'm back again ?
 And five and twenty years have passed,
 Since Broadway's dust and Broadway's stain,
 From off my youthful feet I cast ;

And eastward turned my steps and face,
 To Plymouth Rock and Boston Bay,
 Where first the pioneers of our race,
 Held stern and firm unconquered sway.

'Neath Harvard's shade I pitched my tent,
 And wooed a fair New England maid,
 Whose life since then, with mine has blent,
 Thro' fortune's smile and fortune's shade.

Here first the potent Pioneer Press,
 Began to wield its magic sway ;
 First, savage redskins to repress,
 Then, " Oath for Freeman " to obey.

Here for long years I taught the Art,
 How *Woodcut overlays* are made ;
 Which to the artists works impart
 The softening tones of light and shade.

My partners often praised my skill,
 Which then was unsurpassed by none ;
 The artists wish, obedient to my will,
 Grew bright in color, tint, and tone.

Kind LINTON, with his mild blue eyes,
 Did oft his friendly aid impart ;
 And hints of critic ANTHONY I prize,
 As just deductions of true art.

Years passed away with varying joy,
 Sad clouded twice with sorrow's tears,
 When, from our hearts our girl and boy,
 Were torn in spite of all our tears.

Yes, death is death, and ah, how cruel,
 Unpitying, unrelenting, his decree !
 Robbing our hearts of many a jewel
 We love so fond and tenderly,

Time healed the wound within our hearts,
 And fortune favoured honest toil,
 'Till treachery with his honied darts,
 Did too confiding faith beguile.

Then sickness came, with gloom, — despair,
 And friends forsook that once had fawned
 When skies were prosperous, bright, and fair
 With friendship's ever outstretched hand.

Scorning mock sympathy I felt
A wish to roam in pastures new ;
Where sons of Penn serenely dwelt,
And spreading sylvan forests grew.

Tho' robbed and wronged of earthly good,
They could not steal the noble Art,
Which I a master understood,
In every multifarious part.

A wandering wish within me burned,
My footsteps tended to the west ;
Where burnished Phebus glowed and burned,
Sinking in glory to his rest,

I sought the El Dorado of new hopes,
And rest for weary hands and feet,
In some quiet vale, amid Pacific slopes,
Far from oppressors and deceit.

We cross Missouri's muddy stream, —
And marshy flats of Council Bluff
And hasten to the engine's scream,
Its warning bell and angry puff.

Towards decending sun we haste,
And grumble at our laggard speed ;
Across the bare and barren waste,
Devoid of life and living seed,

Through weary miles of sage-bush land,
 At last we reach the Great Divide,
 And view a scene as rich and grand,
 As ever far famed traveller spied.

We touch fair Utah, on our way,
 Its great Salt Lake, and hills of blue ;
 But here we care not to delay,
 With Brigham, and his lecherous crew ;

They are a curse unto the land,
 E'en if ten thousand Bibles true,
 Their creed and crime alike command
 With fabled legends, old or new.

In Weber and in Echo pass,
 Are strange and curious sights espied ;
 Here nature piles in curious mass,
 Huge Rocking-stones, and Devil's Slide.

Where wandering Truckee river flows,
 From Sierra's crown where it is born ;
 Past heights of vast perpetual snow,
 We wend our way round dread Cape Horn.

See Sacramento's valleys smile —
 Mount Daiblo wrapped in purple haze ;
 Here might the scene the poet beguile,
 Beneath autumnal's genial rays.

But e'er we reach our journey's end,
 The great Pacific waves we face ;
 Both steam and sail combining send
 Our vessel to her destined place.

Here let me rest, and view the peaks
 Of lofty Adams, and of snowy Hood ;
 Or Cascades, where Columbia seeks
 An outlet for its mountain flood,

Fair Oregon ! with changing sky,
 I love thy hills and flowery plains ;
 Ye did new life and health supply
 To toil-worn heart and weary brains.

Thy mighty river, rushing, starts,
 From snow-crowned Rocky mountains high;
 No obstacles thy current thwarts,
 'Till on Pacific's breast it lie.

Cellillo's rapids feels the wrath,
 Of waters o'er its rocky bed ;
 Through Cascade hills it cleaves a path
 Like armies with victorious tread.

The richness of thy earth and air, —
 Thy hills and unpolluted streams ;
 Where Nimrods keen, or Waltons rare,
 Let rifles flash, or fish-lines gleam.

The beauties of thy changing sky, —
 Thy rainbow tinted hills and vales,
 Would all delight the limner's eye,
 When balmy Chinook winds prevail.

And fancy's eye still oft recalls,
 The varied grandeur of thy face ;
 Thy rock-ribbed bluffs and waterfalls, —
 Thy snow-capp'd hills, with pine-clad base

On mountain top and craggy peak,
 I' ve seen the blue-forked lightning gleam;
 From murky clouds dread thunders speak ;
 While down the pent up torrents stream.

Mount Hood, upon thy crystal brow,
 I' ve seen the vivid lightning play ;
 While rainbow-like, an aureol glow
 Shines on Mount Adam's locks of gray.

Regretfully I left thy shore,
 And eastward turned unwilling feet,
 To marts of trade — machinery's roar,
 And many a bustling city street.

Oh California ! golden state,
 Where far Cathay sends wealth and slaves ;
 What's thine is over-estimate,
 From Sierra's, to Pacific's waves.

Thy bounteous groves are fair to view,
 With lovely sun-kissed, painted fruit,
 But tasteless, and insipid, — few
 Can Epicurean palates suit.

Their Jumbo size is marvellous,
 To travellers in thy vast domain ;
 They lack the flavor, taste, and juice,
 Our smaller eastern fruits contain.

Heaven's curse is over all the ground,
 No kindly showers the clouds supply ;
 The irrigating ditch crawls round,
 To furnish what the heavens deny.

Thy artisans are underpaid, —
 No better than the coolie fares ;
 While greedy millionaires parade,
 Their railroad stocks and mining shares.

Yosemite's Cathedral Rocks,
 Tower high where misty cloudlets sail :
 El Captain, lifts his hoary locks
 Above the gauzy Bridal Veil.

Yet these are nature's works, not mans,
 Thy titan streangth defies his blow ;
 In Marapossa's groves, his plans
 Have laid thy mighty monarchs low.

Brave chivalry of forty-nine
 Is faded with the pioneers,
 And avarice worships Mammon's shrine,
 And turns from want with deafened ears,

With glad farewell I leave the coast,
 Of selfish and of greedy men,
 Who of their theiving make a boast,
 Like outlaws in a robber's den,

The " Garden City " oh, how sweet,
 Those words sound to poetic ears ;
 The metamorphose is complete,
 When Europe's rags and filth appears,

Fair inland sea ! 't was you did preach
 The sermons that I loved to hear,
 When lying on thy pebbly beach,
 And wildwood music in my ear.

Oh ! dear delightful days of rest,
 In leafy woods where wild-flowers grew ;
 And where the feathery songster's nest,
 At every footstep met my view.

Exclusive Evanston maintains,
 Her halls, her campus, and her cause.
 Where green bucolic country swains,
 Study old theologic laws.

When skies are dull, and trees are bare,
 And Winter holds his reign supreme,
 And icy spherules fill the air,
 And freeze to death the living stream;

Yet, even then, I venture forth,
 In trackless woods, or snowy plain,
 And face the monarch of the north,
 Within his wintry cold domain;

And view the strange fantastic dress,
 That clothe the shrubs in quaint design;
 And marvel at the loveliness,
 Of each strange geometric line,

From out the south the sweet Spring rode,
 And warmed to life the chilly air;
 And everywhere her warm feet trod.
 Sprang life and beauty, fresh and fair;

And meads and fields, again affords,
 Their varied dress of flowers and grass;
 Brooks babbled, and exstatic birds,
 All stirred with joy as she did pass.

And sheltered 'neath the wild-wood's screen,
 Pale blue-faced tender violets grow;
 By country road, and meadow green,
 Gold disks th' dandelions show,

The gold and purple flower-de-lis,
 Bloom by dark shade and dampening rill ;
 While by the way-side fence I see
 White penny-royal and pempernell.

When Summer's sun mounts fierce and high,
 I rest 'neath some umbrageous oak ;
 Take solid comfort while I lie,
 And quietly think, and dream, and smoke.

My little world is round me here,
 What care I for the Sabbath bell ?
 I do no code *terrorum* fear
 That priests from musty legends tell.

Bright birds, and bees, the budding flower,
 The sun, the clouds, the smiling lake,
 Speak of a great creative power,
 From which I psalms and sermons take.

And when the evening vespers woke
 The grove, the glen, the laughing rill ;
 With screech-owl in the leafy oak,
 And katy-did and whip-poor-will..

Nature to me was friend sincere,
 Shrubs, flowers, and trees and winged birds,
 In my remembrance I hold dear,
 More eloquent than gifted words.

Gay blue-birds, robins, and the thrush,
 With matins woke me at the dawn ;
 The cat-bird in the bramble bush,
 Joined in the wild and glad refrain.

And when the mellow Autumn came,
 And woods and fields wore varied hue ;
 The maple trees blushed into flame,
 O'er golden-rod and gentian blue.

And so Wilmette, I loved thy woods,
 Better than people, priest, or pelf ;
 I never was, nor will be understood,
 I 'm an enigma, even to myself.

I am not like the common herd ;
 I think not like my fellow men ;
 Metempsychosis like I am a bird,
 Then change to growling bear again.

From down east did a summons come,
 That I a place of trust should fill ;
 And never more have need to roam,
 From Fanueil Hall, or Bunker Hill.

Again we fold our tents and haste
 Eastward, with hearty right good will ;
 Old ocean's briny breath we taste,
 'Neath burnished dome of Beacon Hill.

My love for Boston all is lost, —
 For all her vast superior claims,
 Are silly as a school-girls boast,
 O'er make-believe and childish games.

Was never lonely on mountain side,
 Or in the dark untrodden wood ;
 But in the city's surging tide,
 I 'm lonely 'mid the multitude.

I greet Manhattan in my song,
 Sojourning I 've been long away,
 But now I join the maddening throng,
 That marshalls on the great Broadway.

A few old landmarks stand the shock
 And change of five and twenty years ;
 Great Astor's pile of granite rock.
 Its massive sides unshaken rears.

Proud, wealthy spire of Trinity,
 Towers its aristocratic head ;
 And Graces' church, in dignity,
 Show millionaires the path to tread.

Yet staunchly strong, STEUART'S marble pile,
 O'erlooks the ancient City Hall,
 Has watched corruption's fraud and guile,
 Its rise, its progress, and its fall.

The pioneers of the press and pen,
 Have passed away, another race,
 Of younger and ambitious men,
 Their sanctum and sanctorum grace.

Rare BRYANT's gentle spirit, long
 Presided o'er the *Evening Post*,
 And cheered the merchant with his sung,
 No matter who had won or lost.

But where are now the brothers' BROOKS ?
 Than ran *Express* with hasty speed : —
 Gone ! but the patrons ne'er forsook
 The sterling sheet of THURLOW WEED.

BEACH, with his wildcat banks is fled,
 To regions sulphurous, dark, and dun ;
 Now brighter rays are daily shed,
 From brilliant DANA's *Morning Sun*.

Hark ! to the royal *Herald's* tone,
 Its newsy couriers never sleep ;
 From tropic clime, to torrid zone,
 News comes to fill his marvellous sheet,

Last though not least, the guileless man,
 In whose great *Tribune* justice stood
 For human welfare, — ever led the van, —
 The honest advocate of all that 's good

The *World* is not so very old,
 Though many changes it has seen,
 Since proud AUGUSTUS BELMONT's gold,
 Moved all the shifts behind the scene.

The *Times* is vigourous, young, and brave, —
 Progressive among business men ;
 No party, clique, or base conclave,
 Could bribe the brilliant RAYMOND's pen.

Majestic flows the Hudson's tide,
 Past homes, and pallisides, and marts ;
 And on its bosom navies ride,
 Which sail to earth's remotest parts.

Old Dobbs' Ferry, and Fort Lee,
 Where I did health and pleasure seek,
 Are changed to brawls and revelry
 That wake quiet Spuyten Duyvel's creek.

Shy fawns have left the sylvan bowers
 Where High Bridge crosses Harlem stream ;
 Now Teutons, down the Lager pours, —
 And females cry for cold ice cream.

Sad Blackwell's Island castles stand,
 Filled with the outcasts of the race ;
 From native and from foreign lands ;
 Who daily Hell Gate's whirlpool's face.

Far fairer scenes my mind engage,
 Smooth winding paths of Central Park ;
 Show chapters from old Egypt's page,
 E'er Noah launched his fabled bark.

And shrubs and trees beyond my ken,
 Here bloom and flourish year by year ;
 Here statues stand of gifted men,
 Whose genius all our race revere.

I 've worshipped nature from a child,
 And at her shrine a devotee ;
 Whither the scene was tame or wild,
 In wood — on hill, or barren lea.

When on the mountain side I see
 The sunshine valleys far below ;
 Which ages past, was but a raging sea,
 With glaziers drifting to and fro.

Or, lying on the shingly shore,
 And gathering shells and curious stones,
 Listening well-pleased the breaker's roar
 In rocky cave, with weirdful moans.

Here trace the million ages past,
 When earth was in her primal thores ;
 E'er bird, or beast, or reptile, cast
 Their shadows on the ancient shores.

Though for awhile I 've bid farewell,
 To sweet suburban sights and sounds ;
 And in the city's wild pellmell,
 Philosophise on scenes around.

I walk through endless miles of brick,
 Only a streak of sky o'erhead ;
 See tattered Tom, and dirty Dick,
 Half-starved fight o'er a crust of bread : —

Or gutter-snipes in garbage pile,
 Debating o'er decaying fruit ;
 Their buttocks bare provoke a smile,
 Protruding through their tattered suit.

A few blocks off from want and filth,
 'Mid marble marts of merchandise,
 I see the pampered heirs of wealth,
 Arrayed in velvets various dyes.

Yes, here I am on great Broadway,
 Where stages rumble up and down ;
 And fashion's votaries, grave and gay,
 Go sauntering every afternoon.

Here mamons laugh, and beggars whine,
 And sore-head politicians frown ;
 Here, harlots gaudy robes outshine,
 The garb of virtue's modest gown.

Here, greedy Gadgrind's plodding slaves,
 Toil weary hours for meagre pay ;
 He from their labour yearly saves,
 The gold for bonds and grand display.

The brothers Cherrybell are here,
 With merry laugh, and pleasant smile,
 Their toiling artisans they cheer,
 And liberal pay their honest toil.

Here, Uncle Samuel's money box,
 Throbs as the city's mighty heart —
 Feels all the change of bonds and stocks,
 That move this great commercial mart.

Beyond in useful grandeur towers,
 Above its rivals and compeers ;
 Fit tribute to great CREELEY's power,
 For half a century's toiling years.

In Wall, or Broadstreet's gambling pools,
 Where vampire brokers hoarsely yell ;
 The fraud goes on 'tween bears and bulls,
 Cheating who buy, and those who sell.

What then, if justice still is blind ?
 The *Meum* or the *Tuum* to decide ?
 Stern Socialists perhaps will find,
 A way to humble purse proud pride.

At dawn, how oft extremes we see, —
 The early artisan to labour hies —
 Meets rake, home-reeling from his spree,
 With haggard face and blearing eyes.

While truck and team go rumbling by,
 On Belgian pave with noisy tread,
 Above, the Rapid Transits fly —
 The L road thunders overhead.

O'er cobweb wires the message darts,
 Of Fire Alarms and Telephone :
 We speak a thousand miles apart ;
 Alas ! poor Ariel's " occupation's gone. "

What great improvements there has been,
 In each remembered well-known street ;
 Where shanties stood, French Flats are seen,
 Containing comforts all complete.

The eye a hundred sights behold,
 From Brooklyn Heights, to Union Ridge ;
 The masive towers that rising holds
 Fair science skill, — The Brooklyn Bridge.

In wandering, many sights I've seen —
 Grand Boulivards, both rich and gay ;
 Whate'er I saw, where'er I've been,
 There's only one Grand Great Broadway !

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THOU bold, brave, man,
 Who fraud can ban,
 And all vain superstitions probe ;
 Of thee I sing,
 High Priest and King,
 Soverign, — Iconoclast, — Pope Bob !

Since ye have spoke,
 Men have awoke
 From Superstition's childish faith ;
 And cast aside
 Glamours that hide
 Eternal Truths from Reason's path,

Brave heretic
 Which no vain trick
 Of saintly sophestries can fool :
 The church may scoff,
 But you can laugh,
 At all their creeds, codes, rites, and rule !

Reformer great,
 Who dares debate,
 The wrongs of old or modern laws ;
 For human right,
 'Gainst tyrant might,
 Still plead humanity's great cause,

Iconoclast !
 Thou truly hast,
 Burst the blind bubbles of old faith ;
 And in ther stead,
 Let Reason shed
 Its rays upon our onward path.

Men now rejoice,
 With heart and voice,
 Since ye drowned out hell's hottest fire ;
 Its sulphurous flame,
 Is but a name,
 To frighten all, from babe to sire.

Life's human needs,
 Are not old creeds,
 Of myths, or fables, or romance,
 But honest lives
 That truly strives
 All human welfare's to advance.

Thy keen wit's thrust,
 Hath bubbles burst
 That held o'er man terrorum sway,
 The legends told,
 By prophets old,
 From Moses, to Talmage's day.

Bold Infidel !
 That dares to tell
 Of Moses blundering great mistakes ; —
 Withstood attack,
 Of legal Black,
 And false premises that he makes.

Reason's High Priest !
 Within whose breast,
 Sits Truth with Mercy ever kind ;
 By might of brain,
 A monarch reign,
 O'er the grand empire of the mind !

And God's clear sky
 We now espy,
 Since cobwebs you have swept away :
 The web or woof,
 Of all untruth
 Of what the fabled histories say.

Now Science light,
 Dispels the night,
 Of cruel faith's, and musty creed ;
 While thou brave man,
 In freedom's van,
 To happier times the nations lead.

Humanity
 Is more to thee
 Than saints with musty memories ;
 The woe and weal,
 That mankind feel,
 Is more than bald theologies.

Thy big warm heart,
 New hopes impart
 To every creed tossed thinking man ;
 Thy searching mind,
 The truth will find,
 In spite of state or church's ban.

Thy humorous words
 Much fun affords,
 When Fancy's idols feel thy knocks ;
 The gods of clay,
 All melt away,
 Though heathen, Jew, or orthodox.

The pastor views,
 His empty pews,
 Howe'er so eloquent he preach ;
 Thought-husks so dry.
 Will not supply
 What modern schools of Science teach.

Live on and preach,
 Till mankind reach,
 The happy goal — the longed for prize ;
 Which shall come,
 To every home, —
 A happy earthly paradise !

A humble bard,
 Pays his regard,
 In simple rhymes, and homely phrase,
 Since ye have spoke,
 Thoughts that awoke,
 In me, in childhoods happy days.

MONEY !

AWAKE my muse and sing, there's joy you
 never knew,
 In the Silver white as snow, and the Gold of
 yellow hue.
 What are beauty, accomplishments, charms,
 and such trash ?
 But snares that are spread for the foolish and
 rash !
 The lady I want for a sweetheart must be,
 Only rich in broadacres — I hate pedigree,
 And beauty and graces from whatever climes,
 Unless supplimented with dollars and dimes,
 Then talk not to me of your city built belles,
 Those delicate flowers, at your summer hotels,
 In sunshine they bask, but adversity's showers,
 Welts them up like a cold blast on tropical
 flowers ;
 They are beautiful things for an odd hour of
 joy,
 But beware of their stings, for they'll surely
 destroy !
 Our modern young ladies have now such a
 list
 Of extra accomplishments, which they insist,

Are ample endowments, and which they are
 bold
 To declare, are more valued than silver and
 gold.
 French, music, and painting, are sheer waste
 of time,
 But our blue-stockings worship them as the
 sublime ;
 And you opera, no more is to music allied
 Than a cow-bell's harsh tinkling along a hill-
 side ;
 And the roses and leaves, and cupids and
 saints,
 You daub upon paper, and spoil with your
 paints
 Is enough to disgust one, and, as for myself,
 I confess there all nonsense, — I'm after the
 pelf.
 Old Humbug at last, has become a fine art,
 Where novelists now play the principal part ;
 The bubble called love, and its whole endless
 train,
 Is the humbug that springs from the novelists
 brain ;
 The spinster, or dowager, or venerable dame,
 Will acknowledge they've played at the very
 same game,
 And found it all bosh ; its always been said :
 That love flew away where poverty stayed,

And the stomach rebelled for its meat and its
 drink,
 Which can only be quelled by the bright yell-
 ow chink.

The fancy called love, as before I have said,
 Is most frequently found in the college boy's
 head,

Imparting a smoothness and softness of skin,
 That is equalled by naught, but the softness
 within.

Ah ladies dear ladies ! how can you retain,
 That nonsensical fancy, called love, in your
 brain ?

Well hug the delusion, you 're sure to repent
 E'er on life's highway you 've many years
 spent ;

For the adage holds true, till time is no more,
 " Love leaves you, as poverty enters your "
 door.

Then what's all the charms of the mind or the
 scholar,

Compared to rich farms, or the Almighty
 dollar ?

The saint and the savage, the rich and the
 poor,

Alike fall and worship the bright yellow ore.

This love I assure you 's no dream or wild
 passion,

It is never destroyed, it is always in fashion.

Then cling to your idol with steadfast strong
 hold,
 There's no treasure on earth, like pure silver
 and gold !
 As for ladies accomplishments, what are they
 pray ?
 They're all as ephemeral as blossoms in May !
 For, where is the man with but one ounce of
 brain,
 But who looks on these trifles with haughty
 disdain ?
 And tell me now plainly,—'tis good to confess,
 Our sins and transgressions, when we trans-
 gress ;
 Are you not almost all, in your every day sin,
 Still serving your favourite divinity : " Tin " ?
 O, do not be sulky, and frown, fret, and pout,
 'Tis true, as the sunshine is shinning without ;
 Your greatest anxiety and wish is to hear,
 How much is Miss So-and-So's income per
 year ?
 In a whisper, perhaps, that grates selfish and
 harsh,
 You 'll confidently ask : " has she got any
 cash ? "
 And then, you old fool, how sweet you 'll en-
 quire,
 'Bout the health of the family, from grandson
 to sire,

And imagine that no one has got common
 sense,
 To see thro' your selfish and shallow pretense.
 When sadly the farmer complains of his
 fields,
 How wisely you 'll talk of the crops and the
 yeild
 To the acre, if weather is dry, and farmers
 complain,
 Why then, you will instantly prophesy rain,
 And then, one thing more, you are sure to
 find yet,
 How much, and if any, her father's in debt?
 If everything's sure, and the game's worth the
 shot,
 A quick introduction is sure to be got;
 But whisper not loud the simple report,
 That her Daddy's just through the Insolven-
 cy Court.
 Where now is the love that sprang in the
 heart?
 Which the sight of the dear one each day did
 impart?
 It is gone like a cloud shadow o'er a hillside,
 And for want of the dosh, it has withered and
 died,
 Then turning away on your heel with a whirl,
 Say: "she looks as she might be a very nice
 girl."

Then next, there's Miss What's-her-name—
 homely as sin,
 What care I for that, she has plenty of tin ;
 Her face is as rough as a dirty tip-cart,—
 She's destitute quit of all knowledge and art,
 With great goggel eyes staring out of her head,
 Would frighten a ghost from the place of the
 dead ;
 That protuberance, her nose, is exceedingly
 high,
 Drawing up her thick lips in sight of her eyes,
 Her chin like a handle sticks out of her face,
 And moles, warts, and hair does it sadly deface,
 Her mouth full of snags, black, dirty, and
 brown,
 Would make sick half the men of a modern
 sized town ;
 The hump that sticks out of her curvated back,
 Would make you imagine she carried a pack ;
 She is ugly all over, it can truly be said,
 From the soles of her feet, to the crown of
 her head ;
 But what does it matter ? she has plenty of
 lovers,
 Her cash all her sins and deformity covers,
 She's not to be scorned tho' she ugly and old,
 For why ? she has plenty of silver and gold.
 There's Madmoselle Fine Clothes the rich
 city belle,

Can swear like a trooper, and send you to hell,
 With one stamp of her foot, and her glance of
 disdain,

You' d think that Zantippie had risen again,
 She murders poor Murary whenever she's mad,
 And to Webster expletives can every day add;
 All rules of politeness she scowls in the face,
 So defiant and bold, 't would an outcast dis-
 grace ;

What cares she for public opinion or laws ?
 When a cloak for all sins is the check that she
 draws.

But just let Miss Betsey, or Maggy, or Polly,
 Commit some slight insignificant folly,
 Then horrid ! oh horrid ! the people will cry :
 She can't be a lady howe'er hard she may try,
 How awkward, illmaner'd, and how unrefined
 Are those with a vulgar and uncultured mind ?
 Forgetting the while, and condemning their
 follies,

Their mother was one of the untutored Pollies,
 Who cut, made, and mended, the clothes that
 they wore,

And strove hard to keep the gaunt wolf from
 the door ;

Who carded the cotton, for yarn and thread,
 And daily the hoe-cake would cook for their
 bread.

Oh, rich madam Fine Clothes, 't is not long
 ago,

Since your Daddy arose e'er the chickens did
crow,

To toil in the fields for your butter and bread,
While your brothers, and you, lay in one
trundle bed.

I remember the day, but the time I repress,
Since you wore an old brown, dirty, calico
dress ;

Now your satins, and silks, French dishes,
and wines,

Have made you forget the old muscadine
vines,

And the brambles you trampled, with torn
dress and feet,

That on Sunday a fruit pie you 'd have for a
treat ;

And how with your brothers you 'd snarl and
bark,

For a ride in the hay-cart, 'tween daylight
and dark ;

Then do not, I pray you, the poor girls scorn,
Remember the log-hut in which you were born,
Though now rich as Midas, the proverb doth
say :

That rich take wings, and sometimes fly away,
Though your table may now be with luxuries
spread,

E'er you die, perhaps you'll be begging your
bread !

But wealth is a curse, since the world began,

To every conceited, proud, ignorant, man !
 It dubs him with titles to which he 's no claim,
 Adds General, or Col., or Prof., to his name,
 He abuses all laws of good order or taste,
 And eats like a hog, — licks his plate like a
 beast ;

And how you 'll appologize for his rude way,
 He is so eccentric, you blandly will say ;
 But let some poor curse, like you, or like me,
 From the stern rules of fashion dare disagree,
 'Tis then Madam Fine Clothes, will call you
 once,

A low born menial, mechanic, or dunce !
 While the General, or Colonel, good breed-
 ing may shock,
 'Tis nothing, while talking of Bank Shares
 and stock.

How wisely they 'll talk about Russia's in-
 tention,
 The Custom House fraud, or the Greenback
 Convention !

While he drinks his champagne, and smokes
 his segars,
 And holds up his head as if counting the stars;
 With his spotless kid gloves, and gold watch
 and chain,

He struts through the streets with his gold
 headed cane ;

Tho' sins of the vilest, and actions as rank,
 'Tis nothing, as long as he 's money in bank.

But how oft the young dandy gets terribly
 sold.
 When his senses are charmed by the glitter o
 gold !
 And virtue and honor, and truth fades and
 dies,
 When he worships and marries a millionaire
 prize
 And whenever the storms of adversity roll,
 Who can calm the convulsions that harrow
 his soul ?
 No gentle companion with magical art,
 To lighten the burden oppressing his heart ;
 He finds he has married a viper, — a wasp,
 Who must everything have, whate'er she may
 ask,
 Every whim must be gratified, parties and
 dress,
 If it plunges him into the deepest distress,
 Her bonnets, silks, satins, and all she will have,
 She would not curtail, if his soul it would save ;
 He must bear and endure it, be perfectly calm,
 And meek and submissively quiet as a lamb ;
 Of this thing so contemptible, stand he in awe,
 When she threatens to send for her mother-
 in-law.
 If then, by her folly, he happens to get
 Involved head and ears, in a vortex of debt,
 He may stick in the mud, and die if he will,
 So long as he settles her milliner's bill ;

But, as for assisting his hardships to brave,
Do you think she 'd become a contemptable
slave ?

Think you, that her delicate fingers she'd
scratch,

By mending or darning a seam or a patch ?
Think you, while French novels are yet to be
read,

That she would pound dough, for biscuits or
bread ?

Oh no ! she's reading De Koch's last romance,
Her room is the boudoir, her amusement the
dance !

What are love, truth, and honor, the victim
now cries,

When he finds out too late, what 's a million-
aire prize !

I heard of one fellow most terribly sold,
Who was after the same dirty trash, — yellow
gold,

How few after all, with the least grain of sense,
But idolize madly pounds, shillings and pence ?
And heaven's golden gate, if pethoric of tin,
St. Peter will open, and bid you walk in ;
If some toil worn wight, should come to the
door,

St Peter will say : " there 's no room for the
poor ! "

The dreams of the rich, their wish and
desire,

Are quarters in heaven where they can retire,
 And hear the old christians singing in bands,
 With crowns on their heads, and harps in
 their hands ;

And while the poor christians were praying
 all day,
 The, rich when they felt like it, only need
 pray.

My muse is diverging away from her theme,
 On a theory as wild as a lunatic's dream,
 So now to my story, as before I was saying :
 Before I remarked about singing and praying;
 This remarkable story he has himself told —
 This fellow who was so unmistakably sold.

“ Once on a time,” — so the story began,
 There was a rich lady, who wanted a man,
 And this soft headed fool with his greed and
 conceit,
 Was wed to this lady,— this monstrous cheat ;
 This lady was said to lovely and fair,
 Her beauties were numerous, charming, and
 rare ;

To his sorrow however, he found when too late
 He had married a fraud—a bald-headed pate ;
 She had ringlets, as glossy, bewitching, and
 fine,

As e'er on a maiden Castillian did shine;
 But those ringlets were dead as the catamount
 pelt,

That dangles with scalps at the red Indian's
 belt ;
 And the eye that for beauty, all eyes did sur-
 pass,
 He discovered, sad truth ! 't was a round ball
 of glass ;
 And the hue on her cheeks, like the roses in
 bloom,
 And the red on her lips, like the cherries in
 June,
 Was as false as the mirage, — I tell you the
 truth,
 Her paint-pot supplied all those emblems of
 youth ;
 As soon as she washed the colors would fade,
 And left her a sallow, pale, wrinkled old maid ;
 And those pearly teeth, never gave her jaws
 pain,
 They were made by a dentist from pure por-
 celain !
 False hair and false eye, false teeth and false
 skin,
 Was e'er a poor fellow so terribly ta'en in ?
 But sadder than all, even death and dishonor.
 Was the fact, he settled his fortune upon her,
 But the ladies are caught, again, and again,
 By some old crumudgeon, of three score and
 ten,
 And e'er the honeymoon season's half spent,
 She's had ample time to regret and repent ;

Because that he promised her plenty of gold,
 She foolish-like freedom and happiness sold ;
 Notwithstanding her dresses and furniture fine,
 In her golden barred cage she does fret and
 repine ;

In sackcloth and ashes she sits every day,
 Cursing him she has sworn to love and obey ;
 He will snarl, and grumble, and quarrel, and
 fight,

If she steps but a moment away from his sight,
 He's a nasty, and dirty, hard hearted, old
 curse,

Who married the young girl his dotage to
 nourse ;

Not only the young, but the ugly and old,
 Have a penchant and greed for the silver and
 gold ;

The tottering grandmother, nearing her bier,
 Will ask, is he rich ? or his income per year ?
 If his purse it is light, or his income is small,
 She 'll inform him at once, he need not again
 call ;

Has he hundreds of thousands ? then, just let
 her know,

And her grand-daughter's points and attrac-
 tions she 'll show ;

Though his sins were as Nero's, or Borgia's
 as vile,

She 'll welcome the wretch, for the sake of his
 pile !

Each time that he calls, he must now stays to
dine,

While the table with dainties and silver must
shine ;

Let the children be clad in their very best
dress —

The help all the rules of politeness express ;
And the lady herself must do all that she can,
To catch such a rich, and exquisit young man !

I would ask, e'er my story s bring to an end,
About some things I never could quite com-
prehend ;

Why is it that ladies in civilized lands,
Are slaves to such follies, as fashion demands?
Such ridiculous, monstrous, changes in dress,
No word in my Worcester is fit to express
From the hoop when in vogue, about twelve
years ago, ;

To the garments which now a fine figure will
show.

The first took its rise in the gay Court of Spain
Where licentiousness, women, and wine, held
their reign,

And intended to hide the mishaps of a dame,
From the eyes of her partners in sin and in
shame ;

The other was born in the demimode,s den,
To draw the attention and notice of men ;

Now tell me dear ladies, what mean these dis-
plays ?

Of satins, and laces and silk Polonais?
 And why with your God-given natural graces,
 With paint, you will smear and disfigure your
 faces,

This curling and scorching, and bleaching
 the hair,

And screwing up frizzles to make you look
 fair ;

Is this screwing and pinching your feet for a
 prize,

In a number 3 boot, when a 6 is your size ?

Is stuffing your bosom, your shoulders, and
 hips,

The Camel and Kangaroo both to eclipse ?

Now tell me, I pray you, without base deceit,

Is it tidy to trail a rich dress thro' the street ?

And sweep up the filth from the pave with
 your skirt,

Then home to your dressing-room carry the
 dirt ?

Then, look at the head gear ! — I remember
 the time,

When the hat was the size of a cent or a dime,

With feathers and flowers, and a few bits of
 lace,

Secured by a ribbon surrounding the face ;

Then jumping again to the other extreme,

Like the size of a wash basin next they are
 seen ;

And the ways they are worn is oft a surprise,
 To plain common sense and conservative eyes.
 With the brim on the left, to the ground point-
 ing down,

Then next on the right, the brim touching the
 crown,

But Money ! dear Money ! is now all the
 rage,

From the stripping in teens. to the hoary in
 age,

Oh ! get the sweet trash, by all means foul or
 fair,

Nor burden your conscience with scruples of
 care ;

In this greenback age, we see everything tend,
 To prove, that your money 's your very best
 friend !

And, scorning all compromise, bear in mind
 still,

That your object in life, is your coffers to fill.
 Now don't go to work like a small petty thief,
 If you will be a robber, why, be a chief !

And rob some rich bank of a million or so,
 And your name in large letters the papers will
 show ;

Or be a cashier, and elope with the funds,—
 All the cash you can get, and convertible
 bonds,

And hie to some island amid the blue seas,

Where the rest of your life you can live at
your ease.

Then, if all your endavours prove futile and
vain,

A Custom House billet will open remain ;
If the cash comes too slow to your anxious
grip,

Why then, go at once for a Senatorship !
There the pickins are rich, and the income is
clear,

A cool fifty thousand hard cash every year.

As I said it before, I repeat it again
Never mind how you get it, only get " Tin ! "
From Uncle Sam's purse is a good place to
steal,

And the more that you take the less guilty
you'll feel.

Give beauty the back ground, — put love on
the shelf,

And boldly proclaim you are after the pelf !

And even this volume, of odd Random
Rhymes,

Was got up to wheedle you out of your dimes,
We'll reverse the old adage, you'll find it
more true,

" Don't do as I do ; but do as I tell you, "
Pay court to the rich, keep in friends with the
church,

The brethren will oft help you out of the lurch,

And if you're not rich, seem to be all the same,
 And successfully play, the confidence game ;
 Ignore all relations, if they should be poor —
 And ne'er let the dirty dogs enter you're
 door !

Why yes, go to church, be a sheep in the fold,
 If it only increases your income in gold ;
 There's plenty go there of the hypocrite crew,
 Who take their sweet nap, in their soft cushioned
 pew,
 And only awake to be heard by all men,
 Groan aloud ! and repeat their commercial
 Amen !

'Tho' ministers preach, and exhort not to lay
 Up treasures on earth, that may soon pass
 away,

Yet men go on hoarding, and hoarding the
 gold,
 Till a Gould, or a Vanderbilt's pile they behold ;

For not all the preaching, from Adam's first
 day,

Will make them forget the gold calf they obey,
 But Fortune's great Jauggernat wheel rolls along,

Changing poor into rich, and the weak into
 strong ;

And Astor's and Vanderbilt's millions may
 fade,

At the breath of rebellion, or Anarchy's blade,
 For nothing is sure from a year, to an hour,
 But death and taxation, to rich, and to poor !
 Men have oft from their dreams of security
 woke,

To find all the Saving Banks bursted and
 broke !

And their hard earned dimes on a journey
 did go,

To some sweet land of refuge with Spencer
 and Co.,

Now throw away conscience, bid virtue
 depart ;

To all tender affections of love seal the heart ;
 With Greenbacks for prayer book, and Gold
 for your God,

You'll be honored at home, and respected
 abroad ;

Engage in no Industry, Science and Art ;
 In the great fields of labor, ignore every part,
 For why should you toil with your pen, hands,
 or head,

For your petty allowance of clothing and
 bread ?

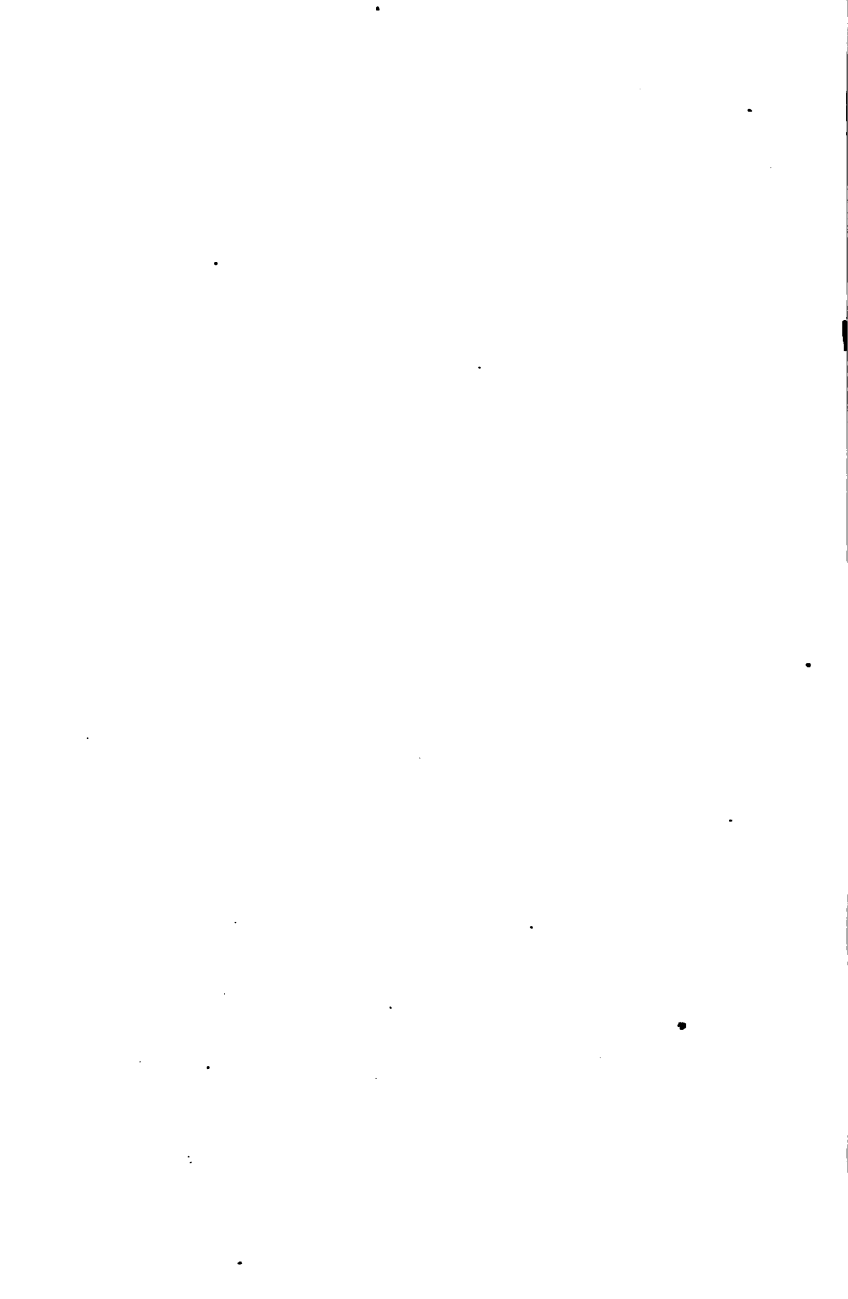
When the great bloated bondholders live at
 their ease

And eat, drink, and sleep, as their fancy may
 please,

While you, like a slave, toiling day after day,
 To keep the gaunt wolf of starvation away.

Then be it no more ! be a bold daring man !
 And follow Rob Roys's nice commendable
 plan ;
 For Gold rules the world, the court, camp,
 and state,
 The high and the low, — the poor and the
 great,
 The fierce Russian and Turk,—the sly greedy
 Jew,
 • Thirst and hunger for Gold, just like me and
 like you ;
 The fat Germans, — the French and the pot-
 bellied Dutch,
 Are all conquered and won, by its magical
 touch !
 • The Italians, the Greeks, and the robbers of
 Spain,
 Will murder you coolly, your Ducats to gain ;
 The bold Briton who swears, he don't give a
 damn !
 Loves his Gold just as dearly as young Uncle
 Sam !





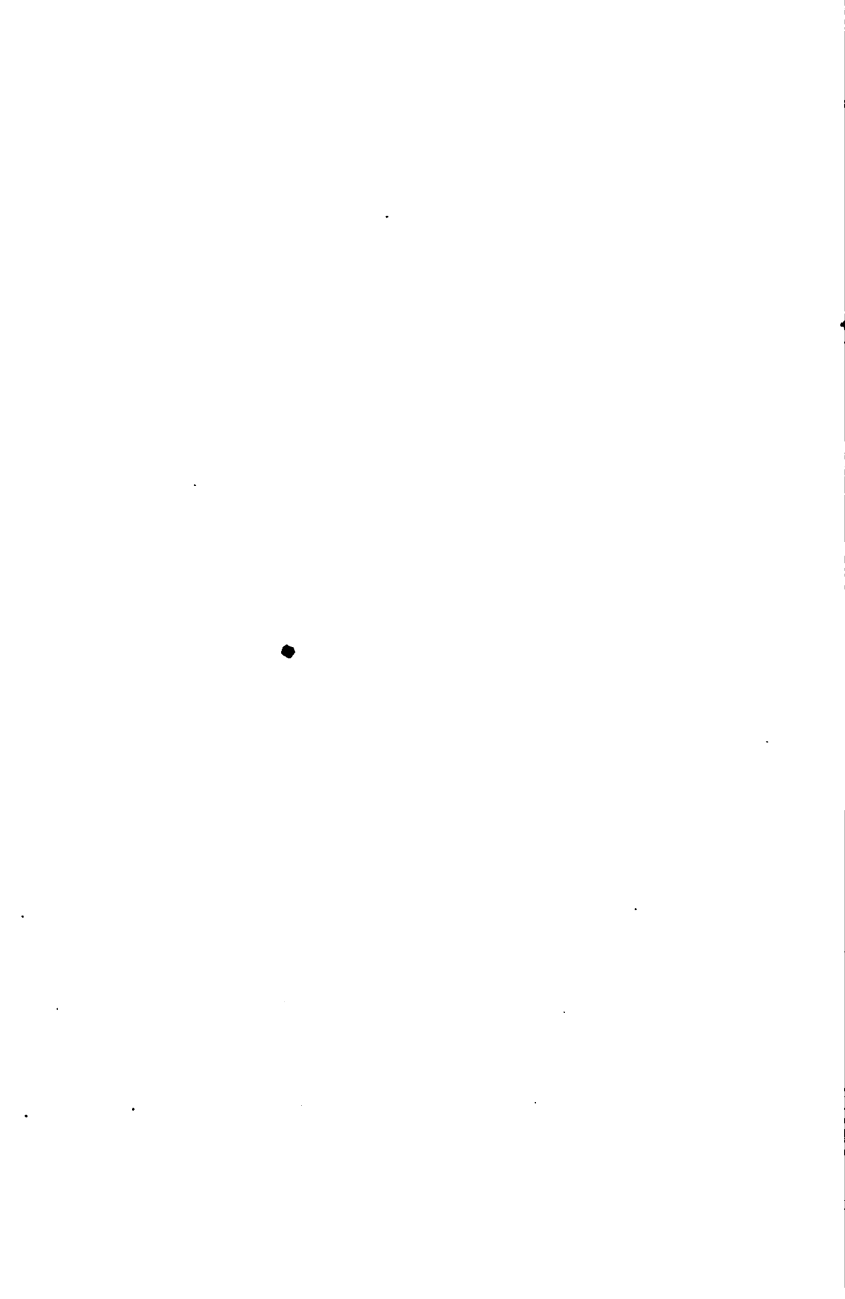
LEISURE RHYMES

AND

OCCASIONAL VERSES,

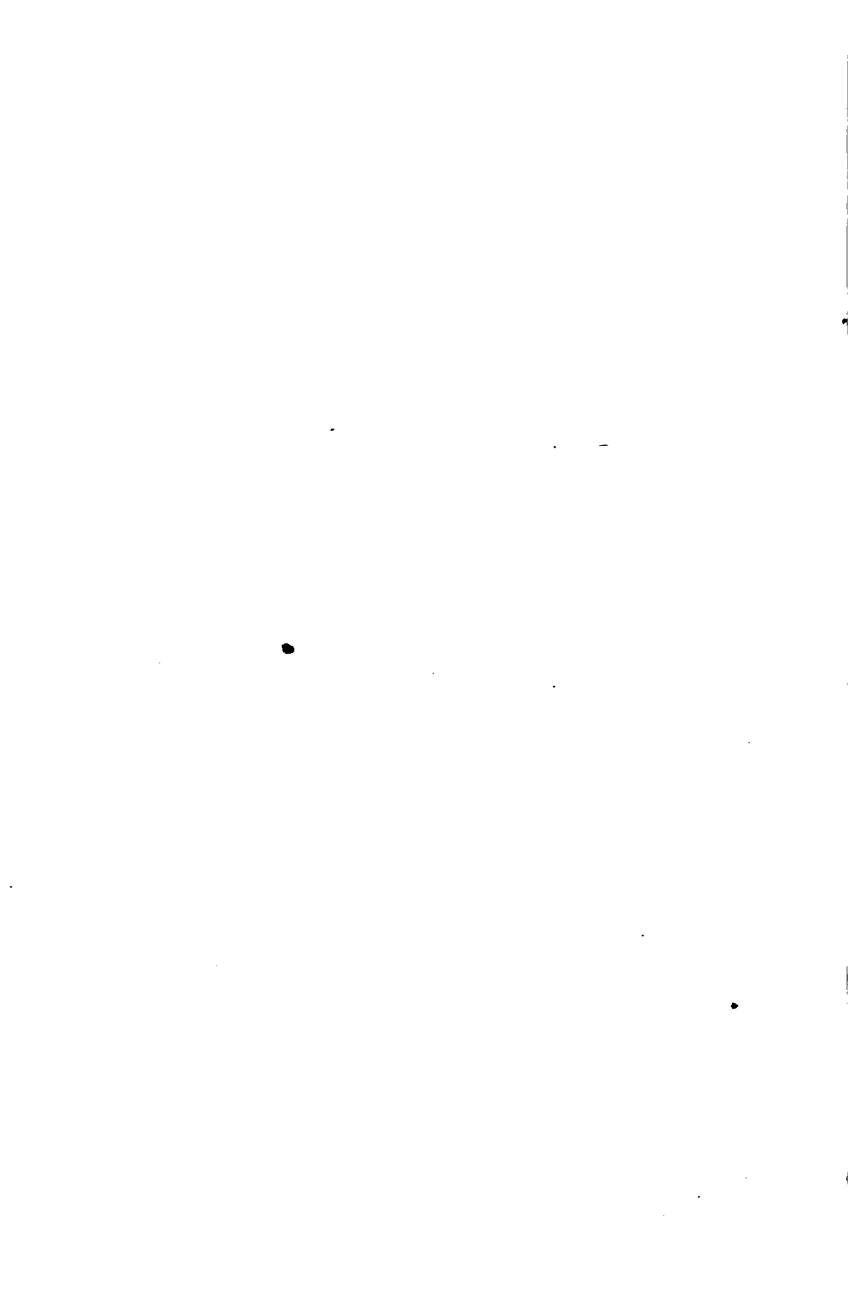
BY

MRS. C. G. MACKENZIE.



CONTENTS.

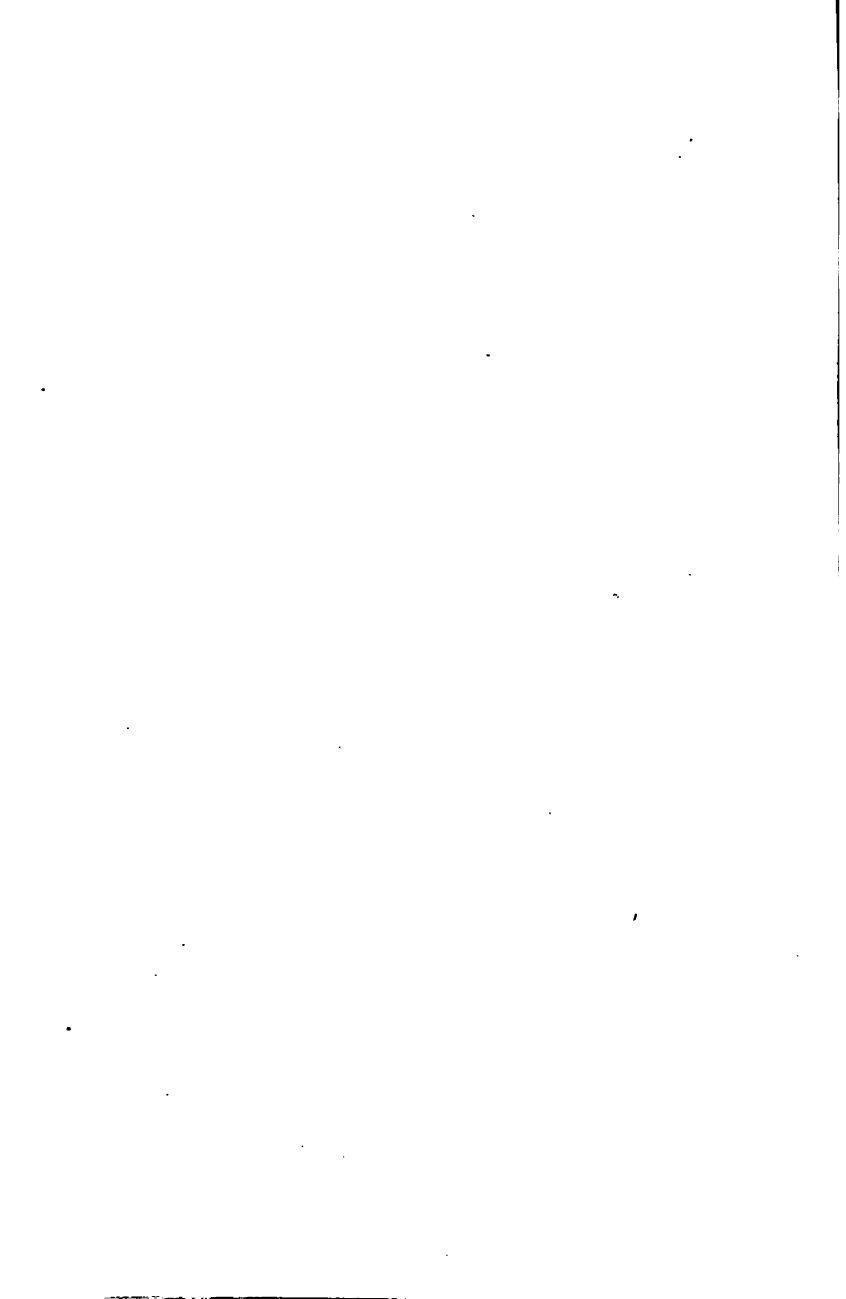
	PAGE.
SONG, FOR THE GRAND ARMY, - -	3
REMINISCENCES OF HOME. - - -	5
A TRIP TO THE ADIRONDACKS. - -	8
LETTER TO A. D. - - -	21
LINES FOR GRAND ARMY POST. - -	24
WILMETTE SOCIAL CLUB. - - -	25
OUR TREASURES. - - -	28
TO SISTER ELIZABETH. - - -	29
LETTER TO H. D. - - -	29
FROM PHILADELPHIA, TO H. D. - -	31
LETTER TO MOTHER. - - -	33
A PLEA FOR THE GIRLS. - - -	35



PREFACE.

The few rhymes to be found in the following pages, are placed here merely for preservation for my children and intimate friends ; and not from any merit they may possess to the general reader ; they were written in many places, and under changeful circumstances ; some at home in Cambridge ; others in Philadelphia, California, Oregon, and Illinois.

A. A. M.



SONG.

WRITTEN FOR, AND SUNG AT,
THE FIRST SOCIAL OF CHARLES BECK POST,
G. A. R. CAMBRIDGE MASS.

SOLDIERS who battled for Liberty's cause,
Soldiers who fought for our Union and laws,
Gladly we join with your comrades to night,
To aid, and to cheer you, who fought for our
right !

Bravely you suffered, and battled, and bled
Following your Captain wherever he led,
Till in the thickest of battle you stand,
Fighting for all we hold dear in our land.

CHORUS.

Praise to the soldier, for surely we know,
The plenty, and comfort, they had to forego,
Marching so bravely through sunshine and
rain,
Gallantly bearing wounds, sickness, and pain.

We mourn for the brave, who in prisons have
sank,
And those who fell wounded down, out of our
rank,

Fighting so nobly their country to save,
 We 'll drop a tear brothers, over their grave.
 And early each season we 'll gather and bring,
 The first and the fairest sweet offerings of
 spring,
 And deck the loved graves of the bravest and
 best,
 The Captain above has called home to their
 rest.

CHORUS. — Praise to the soldier &c.

Who should we honor more warmly than thee?
 Who held the foe back, and kept our land free?
 When treason and traitors our country ac-
 cursed,
 Trampling our laws and our flag in the dust;
 Ye held our banner, through march and cam-
 paign,
 Till peace spread her wings o'er our country
 again;
 But our comrades above will again meet our
 view,
 When the trumpet shall sound for a general
 review.

REMINISCENCES OF HOME.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

While I am sitting,
So busy knitting ,
My thoughts are flitting
To childhoods home so far away ;
And part in gladness,
With more of sadness,
Tinged with a madness,
I find it hard their course to stay.

Life's early morning,
When woman dawning,
All sorrow scorning,
Long have I gazed Charles River o'er
While clouds were rifting,
The shadows shifting,
New beauties lifting,
My mind entrancing more and more .

Beyond, the river
Went winding ever,
And seemed to sever
The broad expanse of velvet green ;

And helped to brighten,
 As well as lighten,
 And beauty heighten,
 With narrow, winding, silver sheen .

With slight commotion,
 Like fairy motion,
 And strict devotion
 To rhythmic movement of the crew ;
 A boat comes skipping,
 While oars in-dipping,
 Rise, silver dripping
 With sparkles like the drops of dew .

Scarce out of hailing,
 A ship comes sailing,
 And thus entailing
 A shifting of the perfect scene. ;
 Her channel finding,
 I hear the winding,
 And cordage binding,
 While bridges jaws her motions screen .

Where earth seemed ending,
 With Heaven blending,
 Green hills were sending
 From balsam trees their pungent power ;

While zephyrs blowing,
 To me were showing,
 Their branches glowing,
 Like fairy wands in shady bower .

Long I 've sat thinking,
 My soul deep drinking,
 Each glory sinking
 Deep, and more deep, within my breast ;
 Till o'er me stealing,
 Came solemn feeling,
 To me revealing,
 The like of Heaven's perfect rest.

And in my rhyming,
 I hear the chiming,
 The sweet bells timeing
 The hours :— can it be long ago ?
 Yes, Time, though thieving,
 Is not deceiving,
 The tracks he 's leaving,
 All tell me, that it must be so.

A TRIP TO THE ADIRONDACKS.

JUNE 1869.

AT four o'clock we left our home,
With carpet-bags and gun;
For husband, confidential said, —
“ With this I 'll have some fun,

I 'll pop away at deer and birds,
And if their not about.
The fish are so abundant there,
Perhaps, I 'll shoot a trout !

If you while fishing from the bow,
A large sized one should hook,
We will not risk our fishing rod
Like Murray, in his book ;

But while he 's dangling in mid-air,
Displaying all his length ;
I 'll just take aim, and fire my dear,
And so 't will save your strength.”

'T was thus we passed along Main Street,
With J. S. on the box,
My partner said quite suddenly, —
“ I think I 'll write to Cox,

And tell him all about our trip,
 And what we see and hear,
 And if I 'm lucky, send to him
 The antlers of a deer ! ”

Of course in this I acquiesced,
 I didn't have a doubt
 But deer were quite as easy caught
 As five, or seven pound trout.

When others catch them by the tail
 At midnight with a jack,
 I thought no trouble we shall have,
 With a shot considered crack ;

The glorious Hub we reached at length,
 And in ten minutes more,
 We safely were deposited
 Down at the depot door.

Our tickets bought, and berths secured,
 Our baggage checked right through,
 To take our seats in number seven,
 Was all we had to do.

And now, the bell begins to ring,
 The whistle, too, to blow,
 Within the car a little jar,
 Hurrah ! for off we go!

Outside the town we soon had passed,
 Into the open way ;
 'T was then I ventured to remark : —
 'T is quite a rainy day !

But what care we, I added then,
 How foul the weather be,
 'T is guaranteed we take no cold
 Beneath the balsam tree !

Now tired nature must give way,
 Our eyes begin to close,
 So having had our couch prepared
 We soon had sought repose ;

Aye, sought, it but we found it not,
 For 't was not there to find ;
 And so to pass a sleepless night,
 We quite made up our mind.

For certain, it was not the place
 We found out very soon,
 To sleep in quarters close as these,
 A cloudy night in June.

But when four tedious hours had passed,
 A welcome voice we hear : —
 " Those passengers for Rutland
 Will now themselves prepare ! "

The Bardwell House we safely reached,
 Secured of rooms the best,
 And haveing our instruction given,
 To Morpheus left the rest.

Now, rap, rap, rap, upon the door,
 Could I believe my eyes !
 I had not yet began to snore,
 And now 't was time to rise.

A hasty toilet in the dark,
 A breakfast, hurried through,
 We scarcely had the depot gained,
 Ere loud the whistle blew !

To Whitehall off we went by rail,
 The steamboat there to meet ;
 Rubbish and dirt of every kind,
 Did here pollute the street,

But looking round on every side,
 These mountains passing through,
 A more romantic, charming spot
 Did not appear to view.

Now, soon along the placid lake
 The quivering steamer glides ;
 The Adirondacks, and Green Hills,
 Loom up on either side.

Here many a noted place we pass,
 I shall not stop to name,
 Convinced, my feeble pen could not
 Add one drop to their fame.

The Fouquet House we reach that night,
 Our quarters there we make,
 And see the "Parsons," light canoe,
 En route to Racquett Lake.

For 'Sabel Forks we take the cars,
 A short unpleasant ride ;
 And here I would all tourists warn —
 This dangerous road avoid.

It seems to be a slaughter trap,
 By speculation planned ;
 Two bridges here, are merely made,
 By placing poles in sand, —

Up at a height of ninety feet —
 Between two mountains steep ;
 And should you take a downward glance,
 Your very flesh would creep.

Now, at the Forks we find the stage,
 Is waiting for its load ;
 We jump aboard and very soon
 Are rattling o'er the road.

Our stage companions for the ride,
 Two tourists, from the West,
 Davis, with philosophic pride,
 And Phillips, full of jest.

Past Franklin Falls our horses trot,
 We see the White Face soar, —
 At half past eight on Wednesday night,
 We land at Martin's door.

The "huntsman's paradise" we've gained —
 The balsam boughs smell sweet,
 But morning to our eyes reveal
 An invalid's retreat !

For here were men, and women too,
 Impatient at delay ;
 Striving in vain a guide to hire,
 To speed them on their way.

But being Fortune's favored ones
 We had not long to wait ;
 Our guide arriving, Monday morn,
 Martins we left at eight.

And many eager, hollow-eyes
 Were watching as we start ;
 Such pale, emaciated, looks,
 They made me sick at heart.

We 've quickly crossed the lower lakes,
 And gained the narrow stream,
 While in and out the lily-leaves,
 Our paddles gaily gleam.

I see my husband taking aim
 At wild-duck passing by, —
 Off went the gun ! — so did the duck,
 But not so scared as I !

The Indian Carry we have reached,
 And pests begin to feel ;
 They certainly round me did swarm,
 From very head to heel.

Now silently I walked along,
 Nor deigned a word to say ;
 When husband suddenly broke out
 With, " what's the matter pray ? "

Matter enough ! I think, said I,
 My blood began to boil ;
 When turning round he coolly said : —
 " Why don't you use tar oil ? "

Tar oil, quoth I ! indeed I 'll not,
 But if your aid you 'll lend,
 I 'll don my net, and fix it here,
 You tie the other end ;

All right, said he, so on we went,
 Some two, three, rods or more,
 When, if I 'd been a wicked man,
 I really think I 'd swore !

For now I suffered, far, far worse,
 Than when without the bag ;
 And so, indignant I began : —
 Confound this flimsy rag !

I far more comfort had without,
 I 'm sure I cannot see, .
 If flies it kept off Murray's wife,
 Pray, why not then off me ?

"Goo ! reason why," my spouse exclaimed,
 " They still do stick to you,
 Your bag is open at the top,
 And if anything you knew

You 'd open now the other end,
 And let them pass right through,
 From top to bottom they d descend,
 And pass before your view ! "

Of course I saw the thing at once.
 By leaving to his care
 The top he had not fixed at all,
 And so they came in there

And, having no place to get out,
 They'd nothing else to do,
 But bite my face from ear, to ear,
 From top, to bottom too !

My eyes, my nose, my mouth, my cheeks,
 My head, my neck, my chin,
 And not contented still with that,
 They even went within ;

First up my nostrils, — down my throat,
 When angrily I said : —
 Do wait a moment while I take
 This nuisance off my head.

My patience was most sorely tried,
 As through the woods we toil,
 So wrathfully I turned and said : —
 Here, let me try the oil !

My face, and hands I covered with
 That most delightful stuff,
 When husband, looking, coolly said
 I think you've had enough ? ”

From Ramshorn Creek to Racquett stream,
 Our shallop gaily bore,
 And at the sun's departing beam,
 Reached “ Mother Johnson's ” door.

And Mother Johnson, good old soul,
 Came out her guests to see ;
 'T was then I heard my husband say, —
 “ Pancakes we 'll take for three. ,’

Of rude, rough pine boards is her cot, —
 The roof, and rafter-tree ;
 Yet underneath it will be found
 True hospitallity.

At dawn of day we launch our boat,
 And float adown the stream ;
 The balsam boughs above our heads,
 With healing gum drops gleam.

A flock of wild birds now I see,
 And then I hear a crack :
 And, on the river,s bank there lie,
 A dozen on their back !

Through groves of pine and tamarack,
 Past Sweeney’s weary way,
 Untill we reach Big Tupper’s lake
 Besmeared with Racquette clay.

At Graves’ Lodge, with venison
 The table is supplied :
 I gave my share to those who like
 Their deer in pork fat fried.

The lodge we leave at early morn,
 And speed down Tupper's Lake ;
 We hear the wild loon's mocking laugh
 As we our farewell take.

And here, our guide attention called
 To where upon our right,
 Two mammoth rocks were towering
 Like giants in their might !

"The Devil's Pulpit this," said he'
 "'Tis where on Sabbath morn
 His most Satanic Majesty
 Would preach, and pray, and storm !"

A huge, tall boulder for a chair,
 Backed by a wall of stone ;
 And when he preaches, men declare
 The rocks and mountains groan.

And sure if torment is his forte,
 And such we're told it be,
 A better country for his home
 We mortals could not see.

Mosquitoes, midgets, gnats, and flies,
 In myriad round you swarm,
 And should the air itself be cool,
 These creatures keep you warm !

We paddle now to "Nameless Creek,"
 And there we tried our skill,
 With crooked pins, and cotton spools,
 With trout our boat to fill ;

But as no luck did greet us there,
 Our pins not catch one trout,
 I verily did then declare,
 The bottom had fell out —

Of all the creeks, and ponds around,
 The lakes, and rivers too,
 Then bade our guide just turn about
 And paddlè our canoe —

To Hough's at Upper Saranac,
 Where bird of freedom pines ;
 Right gladly now we packed our guns,
 Our fishing rods, and lines,

And with a greenback for his bait,
 His capture soon is made ;
 Then off we start by boat and rail,
 For Harvard's classic shade.

And, as we've done the woods all through
 The mountains great and small ;
 I'd like to head our light canoe,
 And shoot o'er "Phantom Fall ;"

Then drenched with spray and glory,
We 'd steer along the shore,
Where sits old Uncle Palmer
Before his cabin door,

Then Long Lake's woods so shady,
Would rejoice with echoing gun ;
For the second man and lady,
Who this exploit have done.

But Father Time, who waits for none,
Would not permit this glory,
But sent us on our homeward track,
And thus to end our story, —

To ladies giving this advise.
Don 't think this trip to try,
Unless of strength, you should possess
Herculean supply.

LETTER WRITTEN TO H. DOUGLASS-

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1875.

DEAR Brother, I scarcely can tell what to write,
 In answer to your erudite epistle to me ,
 But first let me thank you, for right starting
 you know

Is sure of a conquest, so on we will go,
 I thank you, that you did so quickly comply
 With my daring request, for none better than I
 Know the danger attending a lady's request
 For a gentleman's letter, the more if he's blest
 With a wife of his own, who by chance might
 discover

A letter, her husband had sent under cover,
 Of one from her son ; the risk has been run,
 For the danger I know,
 But the writing of rhymes I cannot forgo.

As I walk thro' the streets of the city of Penn,
 My eyes are attracted, but not by the men ;
 O no, but by women, — should I tell you their
 weight,

You would certainly say I exaggerate ;
 For the sake of the rhyme.

I tell you the truth, when to you I relate,
 That as much as I've travelled in city or state,
 Of all the fat women in townhouse or farm,
 The city of Penn, will bear off the palm.

Last Sunday as you are already aware,
 We decided to sail down the Delaware,
 For the good of our health ;
 But the people who travelled that day by the
 boat,
 Were of gourmands the greatest were ever
 afloat,
 Of a good ship at sea ;
 For they eat and they drank, not one hour
 but five,
 'Till I certainly thought I'd be eaten alive ;
 They all of them carried great baskets of stuff,
 When that was devoured, if they had not
 enough, —
 Made a raid on the steward, — took all that
 he had
 Which, to tell the truth, looked decidedly bad
 One woman I saw, I can certainly say,
 Was eating and drinking, the whole of the way
 From city to beach :
 They eat pretzels, and rolls, and rusks, by
 the score, —
 Pies, cakes, ginger-snaps, six dozen or more !
 With peaches, and melons on top.

And then as if that for her, would not suffice,
She sent for a dish of vannailla cream-ice !
Then with lemon, and sugar she made her
 a drink,
And gobbled it down, and, really I think
Had the boat kept on sailing, away and away,
Would be eating and drinking, till this very
 day.

But if I should keep on, I really could write,
A whole quire of paper, and then not be quit
Through with my rhymes.
The hour's getting late, the clock points to ten,
I must bid you good night, 'till some other
 time when,
On a loftier theme I'll address you again.

LINES WRITTEN,
FOR THE INAUGURATION OF GRAND ARMY
POST, EAST CANBRIDGE.

(Spoken by a Boy.)

A WELCOME we extend to you
Kind friends, both one and all,
We're here to-night to dedicate
This bright, new, cheerful hall.

The comrades here, the boys in blue,
Their duty well have done ;
The strife endured, the battle fought,
And then, the victory won.

True Loyalty their watchword is,
When in Fraternity they meet,
And to each other Charity
In all their actions speak.

The gallant Colonel's name they bear,
Whose portrait hangs in sight ;
Fought nobly for his country's flag ;
Died, fighting for the right.

And now that peace again abounds,
And plenty fills the boards,
Who can gainsay the best to them
Of all the land affords.

May they for many years be spared
 This spacious hall to fill,
 And round their Camp-fire oft relate
 Their tales of good and ill.

Should war's alarms again arise,
 When I have grown a man,
 I'll join my country's army too,
 And fight like noble SHERIDAN.

WILMETTE SOCIAL CLUB.

At last we have a Social Club ;
 'T is duly organized and started,
 Although its birth got many a rub,
 Its sturdy now and lion-hearted.

A genial band, a goodly crew,
 As ever manned a craft afloat
 You 'll find beneath our banner new,
 To help sail on our Pleasure Boat.

Our Presidents, just bear in mind,
 Will lead us in the merry dance ;
 We better leaders could not find,
 Then sister Smith, and brother Shantz.

For sure our Vice is not a myth
 Without abode on land or water ;
 Although she boasts no name but Smith,
 Wilmette hath not a brighter daughter.

We cannot follow in the wake
 Of him who will our records keep,
 But hope, that for his own dear sake
 He will not slumber, no, nor sleep,

Till he arrives to fill the nooks,
 And take the place that we reserve,
 To keep our money and our books,
 And all our actions well observe.

Already chidings undeserved
 Has only served each one to nettle ;
 We need our actions well preserved
 To show the outside world our mettle.

No husband now can truly say
 Alone he must attend the lodge,
 Together we can wend our way
 To house of Drury, 'Kenzie, Dodge.

Or any other, where we may
 Decide to hold a merry time
 And chase our daily cares away
 With music, cards, or e'en a rhyme.

For cards, and dice, and dominoes,
We hold are free from primal sin,
And pure hearts, with fantastic toes,
Keep time to merry violin.

While joy around our hearthstones glow,
Where our young olive branches shoot,
Tney 'll never from our roof-tree go
In search of the forbidden fruit.

May harmony and peace prevail
Among us all without a rub,
And zephyrs fair fill every sail
To waft our new-born Social Club.

OUR TREASURES.

FROM Heaven's gate a pearl once fell,
 And lighted at our door ;
 The joy it brought we could not tell,
 The like ne'er felt before.
 We cherished it with fondest care,
 And tended it with love ;
 It lingered with us one short year
 And then it went above.

And we felt our home was blighted, —
 We know our hearts were sore,
 Till another pearl there lighted,
 Like that one gone before.
 Three happy years we kept him,
 He filled our hearts with pride ;
 One Sabbath morn he sickened,
 And on the next day died.

And with grief our hearts have striven,
 For well we know that they
 Were only lent, not given,
 To cheer life's checkered way ;
 And we try to do our duty,
 And pine not for the past,
 With faith, that up in Heaven
 We shall meet them both at last.

LINES WRITTEN TO SISTER ELIZABETH

Philadelphia, July, 1875.

SHOULD fortune frown upon your path,
 And clouds most thickly gather,
 Though lost your fortune, friends, and all,
 Look upward to the Father.

'T is His own hand the clouds must raise,
 To Him your thoughts be given ;
 After " life's fitful fever " here,
 You 'll gain a rest in Heaven.

LETTER TO H. D. FROM Oregon, Dec., 1875.

MY DEAR BROTHER, I know,
 Unto you I must owe
 A letter that's written in rhyme ;
 It is really quite hard,
 Though I am such a bard,
 To accomplish the feat every time.

Your thoughts I can guess,
 Though you might not confess,
 That anxious you really must be,

I should write you, just where,
 Upon this mundane sphere,
 We have set up our family tree ;

With your Atlas in place,
 You can readily trace
 All our course, until Portland we reach,
 Then, just take a sail,
 With a favouring gale,
 And land you at Hood River beach.

You will see on this side,
 Of Columbia's tide,
 If our route you have quit understood,
 A mountain of fame,
 Mount Adams by name,
 And also, another, — Mount Hood.

Now just between these,
 Quite hidden by trees,
 Lies a beautiful valley of green,
 Where flows a sweet brook,
 And it needs but a hook,
 To take up nice trout from the stream.

Here, the wild flowers peep,
 From a short winter sleep,
 They scarcely are missed from the sight ;
 For the warm wind, — Chinook,
 Melt the snow from this nook,
 As by magic ! — 't is gone in a night.

Soon the summer comes round,
 And we'll hear the glad sound,
 Of the bees and the birds giving praise,
 'T is then I'll rejoice,
 With both heart and voice,
 For the flowers and the warm summer days,

Now pray, don't be remiss,
 In your answer to this,
 But tap your poetical vein,
 And send us the news,
 As much as you choose,
 When I will take up the refrain.

Now remember your friends,
 In the uttermost ends,
 Of this beautiful land of the free ;
 Float a line to the breeze,
 Over land over seas,
 Till it reaches your sister —

MILLIE.

WRITTEN AT PHILADELPHIA, TO H. D. 1875.

As I am sitting
 My brows are knitting,
 And thoughts are flitting,
 To friends, and you.

I got your letter,
 And thought 'twas better,
 That you did fetter
 Your thoughts on high.

Your rhymes so airy,
 Sure 't was some fairy,
 Besides your Mary,,
 Did you inspire.

To-day 't is raining, —
 I 'm not complaining,
 For time I 'm gaining
 To write to you.

Winds strong are growing,
 But sure your knowing,
 The Line storm's blowing,
 Why need I tell ?

Church bells are chiming,
 While I am rhyming, —
 Parnassus climbing
 With nimble feet.

We 're all together.
 This stormy weather,
 'T is hard to tether
 These colts of mine.

They 're round me playing,
 My mind keeps straying,
 To what they 're saying ;
 Thus breaking thought,

But you must pardon,
 My written jargon ;
 And not be hard on —
 The cause you know.

But send another,
 My worthy brother,
 And pray don't smother,
 Poetic fire,

But keep it ringing,
 Like wild birds singing, —
 Spontaneous springing
 From out the breast.

And, now I whisper ;
 Give love to sister,
 Tell her I missed her,
 This rainy day.

LETTER TO MOTHER.

To Mother, Brothers, Sisters, too,
 My friends both great and small,
 I write to say good-bye to you,
 Good-bye ! both one and all,

E'er you these random rhymes receive,
 We shall be travelling on,
 To where the great Pacific laves
 The shores of Oregon.
 We hope by making this great change,
 That we shall health restore ;
 And fickle fortune's cruel frowns
 Be changed to smiles once more.

* * * * *

I'm fairly now upon the road,
 And, intended to have sent
 This letter speeding on its way,
 E'er to the cars we went,
 But busy cares my mind employed,
 And fast my fingers flew
 Preparing for the little ones,
 Warm clothing, old and new,
 A happy New Year to you all,
 And if happy you may be ;
 Pray, think upon the absent one,
 And place a chair for me.
 I bid you all good-bye again,
 My letter's nearly done,
 I close with " Tiny Tim's " last words : —
 " God bless us each and everyone, "

A PLEA FOR THE GIRLS.

FOR THE EVANSTPN LITERARY SOCIETY.

IN REPLY TO

"FARMER BOY'S" ATTACK ON THE GIRLS.

The attack on the girls calls forth a reply,
Tho' others may answer much better than I ;
For fear they neglect, and allow it to pass,
I shall speak a word for this one honest lass.

Such charges we cannot allow to remain ;
I speak now for those who have suffered some
pain,
At the slights, and the slurs, that the farmer
boy threw,

At their not being able to write anything new.

You said, Mr. Editor, a dove had you
brought,
Those sparkles of wit, and those flashes of
thought ;

I cannot believe it, tho' hard I may try,
That that, innocent bird would unto you fly,
And bring you a message, itself to defame ;
I'm sure Mr. Editor you've mistaken the
name,

And instead of a dove, I want you to know,
You've mistaken that bird, for an ugly black
crow.

What surprises me most, that a man in your
state,

Having long been united to a dove for a mate,
Should impute such a message to one that
you knew,

Ne'er uttered a slander more harmful than
"coo !"

I 'm beginning right here, in behalf of the girls,
They do think of something, besides fellows
and curls,

Let me tell you that dish-washing does not
conduce

To the writing of articles, plain or abstruse ;
And as for the wash-tub, why, how can he hope,
To bring forth ideas out of suds and of soap ;
And then, when their scrubbing, and down on
their knees,

If idea's should strike them, they wanted
to seize,

All dirty and draggled, they must take up the
pen,

And secure it, for fear it would leave them
again.

And then comes that instrument, known as
the broom,

Which is famous for raising a dust in a room ;
Is dust a concomitant useful for thought ?
And articles, like a new broom be bought ?
Was cobwebs e'er known from the brain to be
cleared,

By the use of that weapon by men so much
feared ?

And then, just suppose, that while making a
pie,

An idea should strike us, and off we should
fly

To scribble it down, for fear it be gone.

Would " Farmer Boy, " like to eat pie just
half done ?

And then, again, while kneading the dough,
We scampered right off to secure it, that so
We'd have it when needed to give us the
fame,

Of those gifted women, who have made them
a name.

Did the dull routine of house-work inspire ?

Can the making of beds and making a fire,
Have ingrediants in them for making a writer ?

Women's lot would be easy, and very much
brighter.

You lords of creation, just give us a rest,
Fill our houses with pictures, and books of
the best ;

Take us once to a concert, and once in a
while

On a visit to ' Hooley's, ' our cares to beguile
A trip to the country — a ride to the town,
And just to surprise us, bring home a new
gown,

Give us plenty of music, a rare plant or two,

And be patient awhile, and you 'll see what
we 'll do ;

We 'll astonish the natives, and quite take
away

The honors of Evanston, over the way.

And now Mr. "Farmer Boy," don't be too
smart,

And look too much at the head, neglecting
the heart ;

My laddie ne'er asked if I 'd written a book,
But was perfectly pleased with one loving look,
And, I would give more for my laddie so true,
Than a house full of fussy old fellows like you
Now girls if you 're suited in what I have said
With a loud vote of thanks I 'll be amply re-
paid ;

Well spent I 'll consider the time I employ,
In refuting the charge of that overgrown boy;
And henceforth in the future, if I 'm still in
Killarney,

A champion you 'll find, in yours, —

KITTIE KARNEY.

NORTH EVANSTON, OCT., 21. 1877.

